

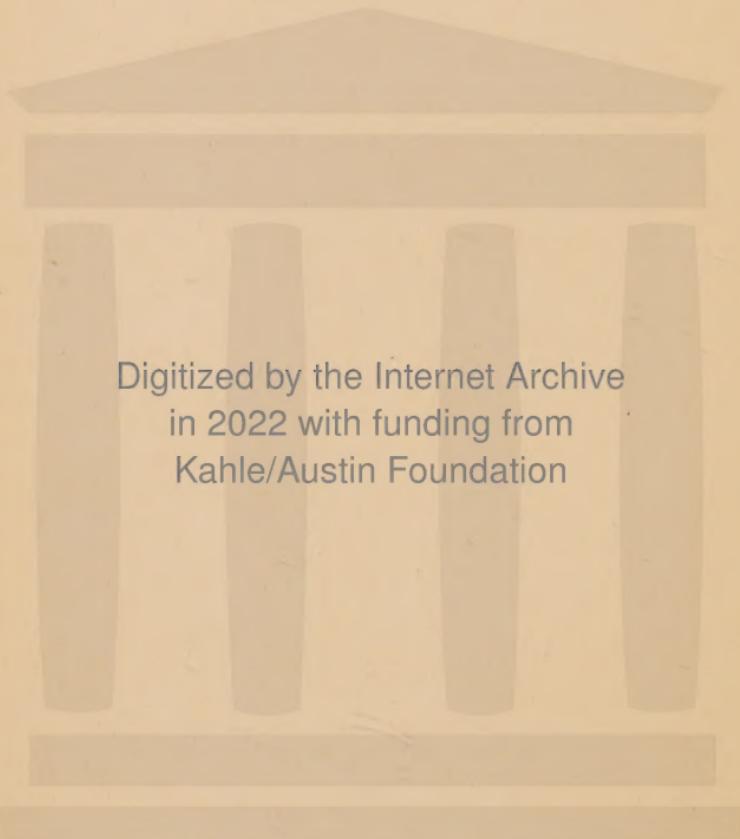
**HOME LETTERS
FROM CHINA**

Dover

GORDON POTEAT

ST. JOHN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH
Hawthorne Lane and Fifth Street

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HOME LETTERS FROM CHINA

GORDON POTEAT, A.B., TH.M.

HOME LETTERS FROM CHINA

*The Story of how a Missionary found
and began his life work in the
Heart of China*

BY

GORDON POTEAT, A.B., TH.M.

*Missionary of the Foreign Mission Board
Southern Baptist Convention*

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HOME LETTERS FROM CHINA
— A —
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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HOME LETTERS FROM CHINA

HOME LETTERS FROM CHINA

I

THE JOURNEY TO PEKING

IN CHINA—STRANGE, WEIRD, WONDERFUL!

We are very happy. Happy to be at our destination. So happy to find mail from home awaiting us. Delighted to find that Peking is such a wonderful place to spend the year in. Both of us are well and strong and ready for work. And, as you may well imagine, both of us chock full of experiences and things to tell.

Fifteen days of travel through the interior of China will take several letters for the telling. Books and books have been written about China and I have read a good many of them, but there is nothing like seeing for yourself. My letters will be like the books, unable to convey the impressions that the eye and ear and nose receive. But they may help a little. For instance, one usually thinks of all the Chinese as rice eaters, but in the dry section in which Kaifeng is located they use almost no rice; use bread from wheat instead. And if one of them travels South he may take his flour along with him so as not to eat rice. One traveler says that China is all barren, that scarcely a tree may be seen. That depends on the section or the

time of year, for the same green that you see on that side of the world you see on this. There are sections of China very much like the region of the Rockies, bare mountains and dusty plains; there are other regions somewhat like the green prairies of Illinois, though without as many grazing cattle; there are blue mountains, some of them wooded. Here are beautiful bits of scenery as well as monotonous levels and ancient crumbling cities and villages with ugly mud walls. In other words, China is very big, very varied, very old, strange and not strange, pitiful and wonderful.

We have seen more of China, so they tell us, than many who have been here longer. Shanghai, Soochow, Chinkiang, Yangchow, Nanking, Hsuchufu, Kaifeng, Chengchow, and finally Peking, stopping off for some time at each of these cities. We have traveled by train, first class, second and fourth; by launch, by chair, by ricksha, *et pedibus*. We have traveled with missionaries who knew the language, we have traveled by ourselves who knew it not. Between us we have a dozen or so words that make it possible to give a few simple directions.

SOOCHOW—THE VENICE OF THE EAST

Let me take you to Soochow first. It is two hours' ride on a well equipped train, through some very pretty country, interlaced by canals, with every now and then a mountain in view or a high hill crowned with a pagoda. It is our first real glimpse of China, for you know Shanghai is not China. There are miles and miles of rice fields. In the canals everywhere you see the square sailed Chinese boats or the smaller sampans

sent along through the water by a single oar in the rear. The water buffalo, if at work, are going round and round at a wheel whose cogs rotate a chain of buckets bringing water from the canal to irrigate the rice fields. Sometimes three or four men are working a tread mill for the same purpose. Here is our station as the sun is beginning to set. There must be a thousand coolies most solicitous concerning our means of conveyance into the city, chairs, donkeys, rickshas, what not. We finally elect to walk, sending our baggage by two men who sling it between them on their bamboo pole and swing off ahead of us at a gait too fast to follow, singing or groaning a monotonous antiphonal chant.

Soochow is the Venice of the East as far as canals are concerned. We crossed the moat to the city gate in a ferry, a flat bottom boat with a single ferryman. The streets are very narrow and very dirty, and one doesn't go very far before having to ascend one of their camel-back bridges over a canal. The city is very old and looks it. We set our expectation for all the rest of the Chinese cities by this one, but the cities are not all alike.

From Chinkiang we took a trip up the Grand Canal by courtesy of the Standard Oil Company who loaned us their launch. We crossed the big river, the Yang Tse, and entered the canal on the North side and went along for about an hour and a half in the rain, passing a great many canal boats of all sorts and sizes. At one place, we saw where they had begun to dike the canal on the sides with blocks of stone, but most of the stone lay unused along the banks because the

official in charge got so big a "squeeze" that the enterprise could not be finished.

One of the most interesting sights in Chinkiang is a valley between two rather steep hills which is literally covered, length and breadth, bottom and top, sides and all, with graves. We climbed the road to the top of one of the hills and looked down on them. Talk about the Valley of Dry Bones! The graves are conical in shape. Perhaps there were millions of them in that one valley. The graves of China are the greatest blot on the landscape. Certainly they could hardly be more unsightly. It is only rarely that they are marked by stones. Around Chinkiang, however, there are some very beautiful hills and the city has a foreign concession on the water front that has concrete sidewalks and modern residences.

NANKING—CENTER OF REVOLUTIONS

All aboard for the ten o'clock train to Nanking, the famous Southern capital, center of revolutions, missionary work, and Government schools. And let me put in an aside here, which is not a side issue in this story, however. It is about Mr. Bostick's brown sun helmet. It came to be the sign of assurance. Mr. Bostick you know was our conductor to the Interior China Mission. Perhaps we could have arrived at Kaifeng without him, but I am glad we did not have to. Mr. Bostick is a good-sized man, easily seen in a crowd, especially when he was topped by this big sun-helmet of his. When we would have to sit down and wait while he went off on a tour of investigation, it was always a great relief to see that brown helmet

coming back through the crowd of Chinese who surrounded us poor tongue-tied souls. I had telegraphed to Nanking for him to meet us and as it was sent a little late I feared he might not have received it, but sticking my head out of the window before the train had stopped I saw the helmet way down the platform. You see traveling in a country where you can't tell the people where you want to go is traveling under difficulty.

We took dinner with Dr. Evans who is connected with the Nanking Union Medical School as the representative of Southern Baptists. He has a beautiful home, a beautiful wife, beautiful children, and a famously beautiful rose garden just now in bloom. His mother and sister were with them. They talked much about New Haven and our family, inquiring after you and father and the brothers and sisters. It made us feel quite at home to discover so many people of familiar days. After dinner there was another friend to see, Dr. Sloan, whom I knew in the Student Volunteer Movement. He took us into his new home as the first guests he and his bride had entertained.

With the Sloans we visited the Ming tombs outside the city, and the examination halls inside the city walls. Nanking is unique in regard to its long wall, about twenty-six miles around. It encloses hills as well as the city proper and great stretches of ground unoccupied by dwellings, much of it under cultivation. Perhaps you have seen pictures of the Ming tombs. There is a line of curious stone figures that border what once was an avenue out to the gate, two of each kind facing each other, elephants, horses, dogs, soldiers, and so

on. They are far from beautiful, rather ludicrous, so huge, so solemn, so crude. Little beggar boys followed our carriage beseeching the most honorable foreigners to do a good deed. There were old men begging at the gate. Beggars are a common sight along the streets, at the gates and temples, at the railroad stations where they cry along the trains, as at home the hawkers of fruit or sandwiches. They say the Orient is the reverse of the Occident and this is another instance. Here they ask for food, there they offer food. But the East is becoming the West with the coming of the railroads, for they do sell food at the trains here also (though not to me), steamed bread stuffed with meat or vegetables, hard boiled eggs, watermelon that is sometimes tasted before buying or refusing to buy, peanuts, the woody Chinese pears, meat balls floating in grease and presented in a bowl with chop-sticks. They have a way of handing around hot towels on the trains and the Chinese take great delight in mopping off their heads and faces—no one knows how many faces the same towel serves, but the Chinese are largely immune. They have been vaccinating for ages over here by stuffing the scabs of human small-pox sufferers in the noses of the babies; it is kill or cure.

Another day and we start for Kaifeng. Across the river and we have to begin using another kind of money. When we left Shanghai we had to change our Shanghai money for some other kind—don't ask me to name it. In some places Mexican dollars are good, in others they are no good except at a reduction; there must be a different kind for every province. Some of them have Yuan Shi Kai's head on them, most of

them the name of some province. The dollar changes for a varying amount of cents, depending on the locality, sometimes as many as one hundred and forty. In buying a railroad ticket you can't make the change yourself, say eighty cents for example. You must give him "big money," that is, a dollar and he returns you two dimes, although your dollar in a money shop brings eleven or twelve dimes in exchange. We have just begun to appreciate what the American eagle means on money. And moreover, sometimes an American dollar is worth \$2.50 in Chinese money, sometimes \$2.00 and sometimes less. The market fluctuates continually.

Did you ever hear of traveling fourth class? That is the way we went from Hsu Chou Fu to Kaifeng. A big crowd came to see us onto the freight car with two boards knocked out of the side to let the light in. The seats? Your baggage or the floor. But the ticket was cheap; ninety cents for about 100 miles. It took from 12 M. to 8 P.M. to go the distance. It was pouring rain when we got to our night's stop, and we unloaded into the mud for a tramp to the Chinese Inn, about two hundred yards away. Folks can do a lot of things when they have to. If I had been told to spend the night in our barn there at home, I should have considered it cruelty. But we went into our room, dirt floor, thatched roof that let the rain trickle through at the edges, flat shelf-like beds covered with a mat of bamboo, and unrolled our pugai (bedding brought from Shanghai for this purpose), used a handbag for a pillow and spent a most comfortable(?) night, all three of us in one room. They gave us boiling water

and we made hot water tea from a can of condensed milk, and in the morning ate rice gruel from the inn kitchen. It was like being way back in the time of Christ; the Inn built around an open court, the cries of the men servants, the carts and barrows,—and to think that there was no room for him even in a place like that.

We finished our journey next day. We were the only foreigners on the train except the Belgian conductor, and were the cynosure of all the other eyes. We wrapped up in all the clothes we had and sat on the top of our box with a blanket around us both together, as the morning was damp and there was a cold wind blowing.

One Chinese gentleman stood opposite us and stared at us a good part of the journey. We understand that it was a most shocking thing for a man and woman to sit so close together in public. But we were blissfully and innocently ignorant.

The missionaries and the boys from the school met us at the depot. The boys gave us a salute as we descended from the train.

KAIFENG AND OPPORTUNITY

My first letter brought us as far as Kaifeng. This will serve as an introduction to that city.

The missionaries gave us a royal welcome. Indeed they seemed delighted at our coming. The Boys' and Girls' Schools are in adjoining compounds outside the city wall. The location is most suitable, about ten minutes' walk from the railroad station. The buildings are a combination of Chinese and Western architec-

ture. Most of the Missions in China are built of gray brick, but these are all in red, a pleasant contrast in a land where gray walls or the light brown of mud buildings predominate.

What of the city itself? It is a northern city, so its streets are much wider than those we saw en route. Our church property is on one of the main business streets. Thirty thousand people have been counted passing the door from morn till eve in one day. These streets are well paved and are kept quite clean. They have a sprinkling cart to keep down the dust. There are some stores with elaborate fronts. Many of them sell foreign goods, cloth, toilet articles, etc. The city has electric lights. In the center near our compound is a great tower—the Drum Tower. In one section there is a small lake on which an old palace fronts. But it is thoroughly Chinese after all. It has a great wall around it with almost enough room on top to drive a motor car. There are two pagodas, one, the Iron Pagoda is thirteen stories high, with many little Buddhas molded in the tiles that are its facing. The climate is very dry and furnishes beautiful weather in the fall and winter. The soil about the city is fine and sandy. On the north side the sand has banked itself up against the wall so that it is but a short leap to the ground. There is a large building in the main part of the city used for a theatre. There are several government schools and the hall where they make the laws of the province is a large circular structure with a dome. A dome is a rare sight in China. The walls of the Chinese cities are a never ceasing wonder to me. The tremendous amount of labor and material

that have gone into their building staggers the imagination.

There are between forty and fifty foreigners in the city—missionaries of four denominations and the Y. M. C. A. and officials of the Post Office and Railroad.

Sunday morning there were two services at the church, the first at nine-thirty for schoolboys, the second at eleven for the general congregation. I spoke to the schoolboys with Mr. Sallee as interpreter. Mr. Harris preached at the other service. What emotions flooded me as I listened to that first sermon in Chinese, and as I watched the faces of the people and saw the many come and go attracted by the sound of the singing. At least two thirds of the crowd stayed through the service. It was wonderful to hear them sing in Chinese the songs we love so well. The church certainly got upon my heart. The Chinese pastor died a year ago and there is no man, Chinese or foreign, in regular charge. The location is the best in the city, but the building is pitifully small. The floor is of brick and is very damp and cold in the winter; the windows are lattice work covered with oiled paper that must be replenished every once in a while. The benches are slabs of wood stuck with peg legs and have no backs to them. And there the gospel is preached where it is really “The Good News”! I think the greatest joy in all this work is talking to people who have never heard, and who, but for you, will probably never hear, and who seem, so many of them, just ready to receive the Word. Just think of being one of a Christian force of perhaps three hundred, native and

foreign, set for the capture of a citadel of 200,000 souls. There is a surprising joy that comes with being in a place where needs and opportunities combine to make one's life necessary and influential in the progress of the Kingdom.

PEKING—THE CAPITAL CITY

But now for Peking. We landed there on Wednesday, September 29. We glimpsed the American flag on the way to the Y. M. C. A. as we passed through the legation quarter. The legations are modern buildings, some of them very handsome. They are all enclosed within walls, but a good view of them is to be had from the city wall. The different legations are guarded by the soldiers of the nations represented. Marines guard "ours". There are foreign shops in the quarter, and a number of banks, English, Japanese, French, American, and others.

The Language School started on Monday. Our first teacher was a Chinese who came in and bowed and then began to spit out Chinese. As he didn't know English and we didn't know any Chinese it was not exactly like talking to folks from home. We met the same teacher the next day, and he doesn't seem to progress in the English language any faster than I do in the Chinese. He won't listen to me and I have to sit still in blissful ignorance while he SSSSSSSS and goes up and down on the four tones that make such important differences in the words which as yet seem all alike to me. He tries to make matters clearer by writing explanations on the board in Chinese characters—alas, not much more illuminating to me. There

is another Chinese teacher who meets us at other periods and he also seems to have a real dislike concerning the use of English. He knows a few English words, but it is so much easier to "shew" and "cha" and gurgle and grunt than to say "v" or "th." There are several missionaries who teach in the school and I do enjoy their Chinese very much, especially their explanations in English. Besides the school teachers we have private teachers who sit with us for two or three hours and go over the tones, pronounce words, and converse with us on such themes as "this is a book" and "that is a chair". It is almost as enlightening as the theological study of the doctrine of election. But I guess some day the words won't all sound alike. It is well that the Chinese teachers are patient. But after all we are only two days out from port on this business and I hear older missionaries every now and then cut loose a string of words that accomplish their purpose apparently. If some have learned, others can learn, *ergo*.

II

SOME EARLY IMPRESSIONS

THE FAMOUS SUMMER PALACE

The foreign mail has just come and we have almost had a celebration over it. It seems curious to read things that happened a month ago in a letter just come.

Now for an account of some of this week's doings. I shall begin with yesterday—our trip to the Summer Palace. On Saturday we have no school. We study with our teachers in the morning and then take the afternoon for sight-seeing. The summer palace is about ten miles from the city, out near the western hills. It is where the Empress Dowager used to pass her summers, and now since there is a republic, it is unoccupied. We took one set of ricksha men to the northwest city gate, about half the distance, and another set out to the palace. It took us about two hours to go out, the men running at a good pace all the way. The fare was sixty cents each way. There are fine roads, lined with trees. The country through which we passed is picturesque and beautiful and the view of the mountains in the distance very fine indeed. We passed lotus ponds surrounded by willows with geese floating about on the water; graveyards with marking tablets rising out of the back of great turtles, the stone of one piece; mud huts of farmers where at one place

they were grinding grain with a stone roller which the women pulled around a stake above another stone; the finer places of the wealthy which are always enclosed within high stone walls and so we never see their houses unless we are invited inside. But the sight of sights was the palace. We could see it in the distance as we approached, high up on the side of a hill, the mountains its background. Far past the palace could be seen a tall pagoda on one of the nearer hills of the range, and a wall running up the mountain which I thought at first was the Great Wall.

The palace is surrounded by a wide wall which encircles the vast estate. We entered by a typical Chinese gate, outside of which were the beggars which remind one of the time of Christ. The walk led through a garden to the lake. A Chinese garden is usually made by piling up rocks in various shapes in a way resembling natural rock formations. A walk winds through these rocks which are surrounded by flowers and shrubbery. Across the lake was an island connected to the mainland by a marble bridge that arched gracefully over the water. Eight or ten small arches made up the great arch. To the west there were other bridges in view, over the little streams that feed the lake. One is the famous camel-back bridge —the arch a full half circle that one has to climb up and over. It is more beautiful than useful but it is surpassingly beautiful. Off to the north was the palace, built from the edge of the lake way up to the brow of a hill. Near the lake there were low buildings with dark colored tile roofs, bordering a walk on the rock parapet that stretched itself along the shore. The

windows of these buildings were of various fanciful shapes and on the glass flowers were painted as if they were set in pots in the windows. This walk was covered—the roof supports painted with pictures—and led to the entrance of the palace and beyond to the famous stone barge of the Empress. The roofs of the palace buildings are of golden and blue tiles. The buildings rise one back of the other to the round pagoda whose gilded pinnacle is itself topped by a building of marble and porcelain tile which serves to set off the pagoda just below. Many scores of marble steps lead up to the pagoda, we counted over a hundred in one stairway. On either side of the main pagoda are smaller buildings, some circular, some square, some with golden porcelain tiles, some with blue. Porcelain figures, lions, phoenix, and what not, run down the sloping edges of the roofs. On one side there is a small pagoda made entirely of bronze with strange figures wrought in the windows and cornices. We ate our lunch up where we could look down on the gorgeous scene below. Truly there is beauty and art in the soul of the Chinese, even though their shops along the streets and the dirty alleys seem sometimes to give it the lie.

The rest of our life this past week has concerned itself largely with our efforts to enter the secrets of the Chinese methods of communication. We have learned to count to one hundred slowly and that means SLOWLY, and if a shopkeeper tells us the price of something two or three times we can usually catch it. I have put down to my credit the achievement of asking my teacher to buy me a Chinese pen, some ink,

and paper, and he actually did so. It is a task of many more years than two—this getting to be at home in other modes of thought and speech than those we have been brought up on, but we will keep pegging away and the light will gradually be shed on our darkness. It is not an impossible task. There is encouragement in seeing others who are well on the way of attainment. When one becomes a missionary he gives up his own language in a way. Of course he will always read it and speak it with other missionaries, but he is to preach, to teach, to converse, in another tongue as he works; and to one who loves his own tongue, its poetry, the possibilities of expression in public speech, a great hardship lies in this change of language. But it is worthy of all one's courage and most certainly is a test of one's devotion. And undoubtedly as one goes on and comes to understand and be understood, the burden will be lighter. I do hope that I shall some day be free in my use of Chinese—that I won't have to content myself in speaking Chinese *like a foreigner*.

Thursday we went to a reception where we were privileged to meet Dr. W. A. P. Martin. He is well on toward ninety years old, was over three-score years and ten when the Boxers were doing their damage, and Helen and I both felt quite honored to be among the young missionaries who received his blessing. He told us that his good wishes were with us especially because we were going to Kaifeng, which city he had visited to inquire about the Jews who were there. The Jews long ago came to Kaifeng and they once had a synagog there. The missionaries now have tennis courts on the spot where it stood.

We took a long walk on the east wall the other day and saw the astronomical observatory which the Jesuit missionaries planned long ago—Abram Schall was the man I believe who made it. There are some interesting instruments, sun dials, globes, and so on. Most of them are mounted on elaborately wrought iron dragons.

They have “movies” in Peking, but they are not for the plebs—at least not regularly. The tickets cost \$1.50 so you needn’t fear that we shall get the movie habit.

MUSIC AND MERRIMENT IN CHINA

This is Sunday and Helen and I have just been over to the Y. M. C. A. to practice the anthem and hymns for this afternoon’s service. We are both singing in the choir of the Foreign Church. We have no piano in this house now and so feel a bit denied, but there is one next door at our service, and on several Sunday nights already we have had a regular family sing, all the folks connected with our group joining in the use of Fellowship Hymns. A great many of the missionaries have pianos and some of them have victrolas. Music is gradually making its way out here. I saw in the paper recently that a very large shipment of pianolas had been made for Chinese trade.

We in America do not realize how much music contributes to our life, our thought, our joyous optimism. Just come to a land like this where real music forms an oasis in a desert whenever it is heard and you will more nearly be conscious of our debt to the makers of song. And so it is when you hear a Chinese congregation of Christians singing our hymns as they do,

and often with real beauty, that the cold shivers run over you and you think of the day when the great host will sing and make music unto the Lord. It is no wonder that in our thought of Heaven we always associate choirs of angels and men with harps in their hands singing "HOLY, HOLY, HOLY". A sample of Chinese music on the other hand is comparable as D—— says to Shakespere's wry-necked fife. Yesterday I went down to the bank and passed a group of Chinese musicians in full blast at the doorway of a Chinese house. They were still in operation when I returned, and again at two-thirty when we passed on our way sight-seeing, and also when we returned about six. They were either hired to celebrate a wedding or make melody for a funeral. The instruments were several "wry-necked fifes," a large kettle drum that gave forth a sepulchral tone, and some gongs or cymbals. The tune was the same apparently each time that we passed. They were nothing if not persevering. The tunes are doubtless by one ancient author so vary but little. But the Chinese are not incapable of music from our point of view. At the interscholastic track meet a week ago there was a Chinese band in full uniform, and they made very good music considering the time they have been studying it. There were at least thirty men in the band with regulation brass band instruments.

The Chinese are described as stolid, but that does not mean that they lack humor. They know how to laugh as well as any people. We were at the bazaar the other evening where there was a Chinese prestidigitator at work with a crowd surrounding him. He

did his tricks and they threw him coppers. He would swallow a glass marble with the most horrible grimaces of pain to the delight of the crowd and then produce it in some unexpected quarter. He put a goldfish on the mat and covered it with a little teacup and when he lifted it up there were two little black and white mice where the fish had been. We were the only foreigners watching and he had the crowd stand aside so that we could get a good look and he and the crowd both enjoyed our astonishment as he pulled off his tricks.

NEW CHINA CROWDING OUT THE OLD

These are exciting times in China. Everywhere you look you see the old things; old walls, ancient buildings, the raiment of ages gone by, customs that have been the same from time immemorial. But side by side you see the coming of the new. The old wall is being cut to let in a trolley line; the ancient buildings, when they have wasted away, are replaced with modern structures; leather shoes are taking the place of silk ones underneath the long robes of Chinese gentlemen; instead of the little skull cap being universal there are many heads covered with the felt hats or cloth caps of the West; on the street is still the barber who carries his implements for the shaving of head and face on the two ends of his pole, stopping where he has a customer, but in the room just off the same street is a Chinese barber shaving a Chinese face and the customer is comfortably seated in a modern barber's chair. There goes a rich Mandarin in a motor car, his Chinese chauffeur dressed in foreign livery, he himself leaning back on the cushions of his limousine

dressed *cap-a-pie* in English clothes. It is the coming of the new and the passing of the old going on before our very eyes. It is wonderful to be a missionary in any country—it is very wonderful to be here.

We had a great time last night at the American Student Interpreters' Mess. They are American fellows connected with the American legation who are studying the Chinese language preparatory to work in the various consulates. And a fine bunch they are, the six of them. They live in a Chinese house, beautifully furnished with rich Chinese carvings, lattice work and decorated ceilings. They gave a Hallowe'en party and we were all invited. We dressed up in sheets and masks. One stunt they pulled was to turn out all the lights and then tell a story of a wreck that killed some folks. After the story they passed around the various bits of the bodies which were found in the wreckage—some of the stuff was so realistic that it was gruesome. They had a mustache, a scalp, a finger, an eye, a piece of nose, and so on.

There is a fine group of young Americans here in Peking, in the Language School, teaching in different government schools, working in connection with the legation, the Standard Oil Company and other business concerns.

III

CHINA FROM A FOREIGN VIEWPOINT

DIFFICULT LANGUAGE AND CUSTOMS

It is *Lebai*, that is, Sunday. I have just been out for a short walk, and I have been thinking of the fact that one doesn't have to live long in a place before the sights, sounds, occurrences, are all more or less familiar, and when one thinks of a letter home he forgets that the folks don't know about this or have not seen that. Already we feel much as if we were a part of the Chinese nation, even though Americans are about as rare in China as Chinese are in South Carolina. The chief obstacle to our assimilation is the language. Our conversation is still painfully limited. One moment and I am priding myself on the fact that I understood a sentence which my teacher spoke very slowly, and the next moment I stand in mute embarrassment before a stream of words poured out of the mouth of a ricksha man. But let me give you a bit of elementary Chinese that will be interesting even though you never try it on any one else. That word above—*Lebai*—is the Chinese name for Sunday. They did not use to name the days of the week, but when they did begin after the foreigner had come they called the first day “*lebai*” which means “worship.” The second day of the week is “*lebai i*,” the third “*lebai er*,” the fourth

"lebai san," and so on. Or in other words, Monday is the first day after worship day, Tuesday the second day after, etc. And thus are the days of the week spoken of generally by the Chinese whether Christian or not. (There is another expression which has come into use more recently.) But you could not tell it was Lebai, if you had taken the walk with me. The Chinese have no weekly rest day. And the lack is a terrible one. I had no conception of the worth of our Sunday as I now have.

Chinese writing is most marvelous in its complexity. There are single characters that have as many as twenty different strokes in their makeup, and are pronounced as a single syllable. It is no wonder that the scholar is so revered here. It is the exceptional man who can write as many as six thousand characters, though there are perhaps forty thousand in the language. There are 214 radicals, and these combine with phonetics to make the thousands of characters. There must come a time when some simpler form of writing will be used. There are not many missionaries who ever learn to write the language with facility; they usually let their Chinese teachers act the scribe when occasion demands a letter to some Chinese gentleman. Chirography is a real art. The writing is done with fine camel's hair brushes. Fine examples of writing are mounted on scrolls and decorate the guest rooms of the educated classes.

There are some things you almost never see in China. One is a drunken Chinese. A heathen nation, so-called, but never a man staggering down the street. They do use wine at banquets, but sparingly. Foreign liquors

are being imported now to some extent. They can be found even in the interior. Brandy is pronounced "bulandy" in Mandarin speaking districts.

There are other things that you see constantly. For example: beggars and blind men. The blind carry small gongs or drums which they beat upon, to warn of their coming and to announce their trade. Their trade is generally fortune telling, and the instrument struck whether gong, drum, or metal bar, indicates their grade in the fortune tellers' guild. The Chinese think that they have special insight into the unseen because of their blindness. Many of them are musicians. Blind musicians are celebrated in the literature of the country.

We are seeing cigarettes on all sides. They seem to be taking the country in the place of opium. The women high and low smoke them. It is no uncommon sight to see a Chinese lady in a carriage or ricksha pulling away at a cigarette. Cigarettes are very cheap and the coolie who makes a few cents a day can smoke them. There are of course more expensive grades for the fastidious. It is a part of more modern etiquette to place cigarettes before guests, whether men or women, where anciently tea alone was served. There are two ways of smoking which are distinctly Chinese. One is with a pipe about a foot long with a tiny brass bowl holding a wad of tobacco about the size of a pea, which is exhausted in about three puffs. The other is the water pipe, a very mild smoke, as the fumes are drawn through the water. A small amount of tobacco which is constantly replaced until satiety is reached is used as in the other pipe. A missionary friend of mine

rebuked his coolie for wasting his meagre wage on tobacco. The coolie replied that it only cost him about ten coppers a week for his smokes.

FOREIGN IDEAS AND FORCES AT WORK

It has turned suddenly very cold and the wind that now blows assures us that the famous dust storms of the North country will soon make their appearance. So far we have had delightful weather. The Piedmont section of South Carolina has no better to offer. But when the weather becomes wintry my trips across to the other side of the city two nights a week to teach English will be harder to make. I learned the occupations of several of the members of my class this week. Three of them teach in the Higher Normal College under Mr. Chen, the principal, who is himself a member of the class. They are professors of chemistry, botany, ethics, and psychology, respectively. I asked them about the books they used, but they all said that they did not use books,—they lectured. I think they have had their training in Japan. One other member is in the Government Board of Education. The ethics professor is only twenty-eight years old. He seems to be interested to know about Christianity. He asked me the proper conduct when one attended the Lord's Supper in a church. Teaching men English is often a means of touching them for Christ.

Saturday night in the gym of the Y. M. C. A. was held the annual banquet of the American College Club of North China. American college men and Chinese returned students made up the crowd of about two

hundred present. We all turned out in dinner coats and dress suits, and most of the Chinese appeared similarly attired. The toastmaster was Admiral Tsao, Vice-Minister of the Navy, an old Yale grad. He was one of the few in Chinese costume, and wore his little round cap with the big button on top, during the meal. It sounded odd to hear his clear English when he arose at the close of the feasting to introduce the after-dinner orators. The speeches were made by two Americans and two Chinese, in English—of course. Dr. Arthur Smith's address on "How a Republic is Made" was the feature. There were some distinguished men in the crowd. Dr. Reinsch, the American Ambassador sat at the speakers' table. Three members of the revision committee at work on the new Mandarin translation of the Bible were present. There were Chinese government officials, members of government schools, and others. And we all yelled ourselves hoarse giving our college yells.

One of the most interesting men in Peking sat at our table. His name is Yung Tau. He is a very rich man who has retired from business. At his own expense he has recently erected two monuments for the beautification of Peking. He wanted to inscribe them with quotations from the Bible for the moral instruction of the people, but there was official objection, and so he used moral maxims from the Classics instead. He is not yet a professing Christian, but he has sent five hundred well-bound Bibles to officials in Peking, and also gave five hundred cheaper ones for distribution through the Y. M. C. A. He has given a large number of scholarships to poor boys in the Y. M. C. A.

School of Commerce, and last year paid the membership fees of a hundred young men who could not afford to join the Y. M. C. A. Recently he asked Mr. Edwards of the Y. M. C. A. to meet him an hour each day to teach him the Bible. He wants to give his life in some way of service, he is not sure how. He says what the Chinese need is to turn from wickedness and to love God. The inspiration of missionary work comes through knowledge of such men, rising out of the mass of immorality and superstition around them. I shall hope to tell you more about him later.

If you had dropped in out of a stray aeroplane that night you might have thought you were in America rather than China. But out on the street the pad, pad, pad, of the feet of the hundreds of ricksha men down Hatamen Street, the little oil lamps sending dancing lights along the way as far as eye can see, make us realize that this is China after all. I hear that there are about ten thousand men who pull rickshas in Peking. It is a beast's life; in the burning heat of summer and the coldest winds of winter, still they run. One of them pulled Helen thirteen miles on the run, and refused to let us change runners. I do not get accustomed to having my own flesh and blood pull me about. When we step out of the front door of the Y. M. C. A. where the Language School holds its classes, there is always a great rush of ricksha men to secure us for their fares. But there is one man in these parts who never has this experience, Mr. Gailey, the huge Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., a two hundred and fifty pounder. The runners all seem to be dozing in their rickshas when he comes down the steps.

CHINA'S POLITICAL UNREST

Perhaps I had the idea that the really exciting days of China's history were over and the work to be done in the nature of finishing touches only. A few months in Peking have driven out the last vestige of that idea. There has been no great outbreak of violence, but there is the intense feeling and the absorbing conversations that tell of things of greatest moment happening around and about and in the land. Yesterday the *Independent* for November 22nd arrived. Its leading article was "The Chinese Republic Will Stand"—by Yuan Shi Kai. Yesterday was the last day of the three days celebration of the establishment of the new Monarchy, the Yuan dynasty in sooth. You can imagine how many conflicting reports of the occurrences are heard, one expressing confidence in Yuan who is now styled the Da Huang Di (The Great Emperor), another the utmost distrust. In the orient circumlocution rather than frankness is the rule, so it is hard to get at the root of the matter.

"I was very much surprised at the recommendation requesting me to ascend the throne. Heaven, which created the people, has ordained an Emperor for them and its decree is unchangeable. It is certain that only a man of extraordinary merits and great virtue is competent to ascend the throne. During a period of thirty years of political life, I, the Great President, have encountered many ups and downs, hence have achieved nothing important," promulgates the president and declines the crown. The next day after another petition

he graciously accepts the honor and in a few days is at work creating princedoms.

A committee is now at work deciding on the details of the Grand Ceremony for the Ascending of the Throne. They are having some difficult questions to decide for Yuan is a new kind of Emperor. He is not of the royal line, but they have overcome that difficulty by tracing his ancestry back to Shun, who with Yao is one of the two earliest and more or less mythological rulers of China, 2000 B.C. It is rather like tracing back to Adam. Moreover, Yuan has been elected Emperor by the people. This is quite unprecedented. "In ancient times the Emperor was called the Son of Heaven, because he received his ordination from Heaven. At the same time it must also be remembered that Heaven only sees through the people and whatever the people indorse, Heaven will sanction." So reads a circular letter from the Bureau for the Preparation of the Grand Ceremony. In other words, heaven has ordained Yuan after all, for the voice of the people is the voice of God. Other matters to be decided on by this Bureau are the resumption of imperial forms of worship, and imperial forms of dress. These have all been in discard since the inauguration of the Republic. Note what the Bureau has to say about these matters. "To worship heaven at the round altar, and to worship earth at the square reservoir is really one thing separated into two. It is the symbolic survival of scholastic tradition, although a matter of little importance. The worship of the sun in the morning, and the moon in the evening, as well as the worship of the nine heavens and the five seasons are, however, matters of supersti-

tious belief. In this age of science any attempt to copy ancient practice without discretion would invite ridicule on us, besides offending the gods. We propose that the former should be sacrificed to with one animal at the Southern suburb and that all other forms of worship should be abolished." Again, "Whether to resume the old customs of China or to adopt the traditions of Europe is another point to be discussed. In ancient times the style of carriages, and the form of dress were designed to show the rank of the official. For instance, hooks, sashes and tassels were used to represent merits and badges were used to encourage virtue. These are old customs unsuitable for the present day. Besides the tendency of the world now is toward a general type of dress, and as we shall have intercourse with other countries, it will not be expedient to introduce new forms of dress. It is, therefore, proposed that the dress suit now in use should be retained for audiences and banquets."

Verily this is a new day in China when its officials are concerned lest they do anything that might cause the Western nations to hold them up to ridicule. A few years of republican forms, a few years of international contacts, put them into much confusion of mind when it is proposed to go back to the Empire. The leaven has begun to work itself into the lump, and it can't be extracted now.

The day of the foreign missionary has not reached evening yet. He is still greatly needed if his message is the message all the world needs. China is a long way from being converted. I believe it is best in the long run not to feature the spectacular part of mission-

ary work for it is not the most typical. Human nature is much the same the world over and as in America so in China there are the individuals who sneer and laugh, those who are self-satisfied, who will not acknowledge sin, as well as those who seek the pearl of great price, or out of deep need call for help. An evangelistic campaign is news, but the quiet cultivation and personal contact that may last through years before much can be reported is the great work. The interest of people at home in foreign missionary work will count for most if it rests not in stories of remarkable conversions that stand out so brightly from their surroundings, but in the belief that the leaven of the gospel has power to work its way into the life of the nation as a whole, as it has worked its way into the life of other nations. There is here the opportunity to live for Christ the same kind of life that we should live in any country, planting the seed in the hearts of people very much like the people of America, the difference being largely in the fact that there is so much unplowed ground here. The differences between China and America are temporal and superficial, the similarities are eternal and fundamental. It may be necessary to accent the differences in order to attract the attention of American Christians to missions, but in the similarities lie the deepest reasons for this work.

CHINA CATCHING UP FAST

We had an illustration of the fact that the differences between the Chinese and other races lie more in the dissimilarities of opportunity and environment, rather than in any inherent incapacity or racial inferiority, in

a musical given by students who have returned from their studies in the West. It was managed entirely by the Chinese, and the program included only three Americans who played accompaniments. They had the Peking Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted this time by a Chinese. It is not proper to say that the concert was fine, considering the artists were Chinese. It was fine whatever race or tongue was involved. One of the numbers was a piano duet by two Chinese girls, neither of whom had been abroad to study. They played with real spirit and would have received an encore anywhere. One of the final numbers was given by the Tsing Hua College Glee Club. They sang "There Was a Boy Sat on a Tack" and "Johnny Schmoker" and quite brought down the house. There was a great crowd out for the concert, and in the crowd faces of as fine intelligence as any to be found. There were some beautiful Chinese girls, dressed in embroidered silks, that would be the envy of college girls at home. Many of the Chinese men wore dress suits. On the walls of the auditorium were pennants of the different colleges in the United States attended by the students, as well as the flags of different nations in which some have studied. It looked just like a college auditorium in America decorated for a similar occasion.

One very soon forgets the word alien and drops the word out of his vocabulary. When I first arrived and rode on trains run by Chinese engineers, tickets collected by Chinese, the dining car stewards Chinese, I found myself wondering—how can they do it? And then to see an auto tearing along as fast as they run

them in America, a Chinese at the wheel, made me wonder the more. But this wonder is soon superseded by appreciation and admiration as we realize that they are not behind any in ability.

IV

INITIATION INTO SOCIAL LIFE

SOCIAL JOYS OF THE CHINESE

The holidays are on and the days are full of merry making. Last night several of us went down to the American Legation to sing for the soldiers. After that we went up to the American Board Compound for our class party. We played progressive games, and the eats! You could not have beaten them on your side of the pond. The cake was decorated by the Chinese cook with a kind of lacy frosting that would have done credit to a New York caterer. There was *deelicious* ice cream and coffee. O! We're jolly good fellows—we missionaries of the Language School.

Just now a good bit of time is occupied in practicing for "The Messiah", which we expect to sing January 10th. It won't be done in the best style but it ought to afford some pleasure, and the orchestra will drown out the discords. The musicians in the orchestra, with the single exception of the *maître de baton*, who is a Hollander, are all Chinese. It almost took my breath away the first time they appeared for rehearsal and began tuning up their fiddles.

I wish you could have seen the performance of the Y. M. C. A. circus. The stunts were given by the Chinese of the gymnasium class under the direction of

the Chinese physical director who is a wonder. He was trained by Hoagland the American director who is now in the United States on furlough. They had prestidigitators, pantomimes, parallel bar work, building of pyramids, comedy skits, Chinese boxing and fencing which would have made a hit in Barnum and Bailey's, and flying trapeze acrobatics, done in the roof of the building without a net beneath them, so daring that it made us rather nervous to look at it. The director let them put a flagstone on his chest and beat it with a sledge hammer.

There is really a gay social whirl here. I have used my dinner coat more in the last few months in China than in a whole year in America. Whenever you go out to dinner you are supposed to put on a stiff front. Tonight we are having a dinner party here at our house in honor of the holidays and expect to consume pheasant, fruit cake and trimmings. You have heard of the man who said he was going to quit giving to missions because the missionaries ate pheasants and he could never afford them. They come pretty cheap out here where game is plentiful, and they surely are good.

Enough for this time. I am more than ever glad that I am a missionary. Just think of how you come into touch with people of every race and clime; the Chinese of course, and Europeans, people from other parts of Asia, missionaries going to and from all parts of the world. Far from being the isolated person that many think him, a missionary is a real world citizen. It so often happens that the people one meets are those of influence, for they are usually the ones who travel.

PROTESTING THE NEW EMPEROR

There was a letter in the *Peking Gazette* last Wednesday written by Mr. Liang Chi Chao, who has been called the Scholar of the Republic, to Yuan Shi Kai beseeching him to reconsider his decision to be Emperor, to break away from the evil influences which surround him in council, to be loyal to his oath to the Republic. It sounded like a speech of Patrick Henry and the man who wrote it had to flee to the South. The dull days are not on us yet. Recently some soldiers at Tungchow, twenty miles from Peking, raised a riot because they wanted their "grace pay"—a grant on account of the change of government. They were finally quieted by promises and the execution of several of the leaders. Reports have come from Nanking that several hundred Northern soldiers have mutinied—that about seventy of them have been executed. They don't hesitate to put disturbers six feet under in this part of the world. But there is generally the feeling that there will not be any wide disturbance now because China fears that Japan may step in if trouble starts.

Dr. Thwing, resident here in Peking, is the head of the International Reform Bureau. In the paper last week it was stated that one of the Christian officials of the government had invited the missionaries and the Chinese pastors to a meeting to give thanks because of the peaceful restoration of the monarchy. The paper remarked sarcastically (it is anti-monarchical) that "old man Thwing" did not go to the meeting. After the paragraph appeared in the paper, the Secretary of State called on Dr. Thwing to ask why he did not go to

the meeting; he had gone to the meeting for Thanksgiving for the peaceful establishment of the Republic. Dr. Thwing told him he couldn't give thanks because he was a Republican and did not believe in Monarchy. Think of the Secretary of State of China calling on a missionary because he did not attend a prayer meeting.

We had a great day on New Year's. The custom in Peking is for all the ladies of the community to be at home to all the men. I believe Dr. Goodrich, of the Congregational Board, who is now over eighty years old, originated the idea. Usually several ladies are at home in one residence and the men call in twos and threes. The calling begins early in the morning. I stayed in bed late that morning, having watched the old year out the day before, and ere I was up some had called to wish a Happy New Year. The day gave me a new realization of how interesting the missionaries as a whole are, what an accomplished group of people. They don't all wear poke bonnets, not by a long shot! Not only the newcomers but those who have been here a long time have regard for the way they dress. In the winter time, because fur is so cheap, you should see the fine fur coats the people wear. The men have their fur-lined garments and the women their pretty muffs and boas. Fox skins, leopard, squirrel, otter, sheep, bear, are all on the market, with occasionally a tiger pelt.

ESTABLISHING SOCIAL TIES

Monday night there was a reception to all the Chinese pastors and helpers of Peking given by the members of the Peking Missionary Association. There

was a musical program and refreshments "post singem". Helen was on the program and did the family proud. I say family for I am having the experience of sharing the glory that is shed upon me by virtue of the fact that I am "her husband"! During the evening I had the opportunity to try out my Chinese on several who doubtless suffered inwardly to hear their mother tongue thus murdered. But the fact that they understood a little of what I said about the weather encourages me, when I think that two or three months ago I was totally dumb.

Tuesday evening we had three Chinese young men to dinner. One, a Mr. Tau, was commissioner for the province of Chihli at the San Francisco Exposition. Two of them wore Chinese clothes which the more one sees the more becoming and artistic they appear. They were of grayish, green silk, figured, the fur which lined them appearing at the tip of their collars.

Thursday night we went to a big Chinese feast. I must describe it for you as far as gastronomical dainties can be made sensible apart from the organs of taste. Let me pass by the table cloth which had evidently done much service judging by what had been spilled on it. (Table cloths are a Westernism—the Chinese put them on as a concession to foreigners.) First came nuts and watermelon and pumpkin seeds, with bits of orange and red fruit. Then dish after dish followed in quick succession. Each of us had a bowl and a small side dish, and spoons and chopsticks. The table was round, the chief dish served hot was placed in the middle with various cold dishes, pressed chicken, century eggs of green jelly-like consistency, bits of

beef, water chestnuts, starfish, lotus seeds, bamboo sprouts, sea slugs, and what not around it. Together we put our chop sticks into the central bowl and pulled forth our portions. The hot dishes were the best. Hot fritters of different kinds, chicken, fish in several styles, a whole duck stewed so as to fall to pieces for the chopsticks, several courses of soup, it would tax my memory to remember all we had. It is the custom for the waiter to bring the fish in alive and flapping before serving to guarantee its freshness. The feast ended with bowls of rice to be eaten dry. The Chinese are famous for their cooking, especially for the variety with which they can prepare the different food staples. They boast in Shansi one hundred different dishes out of flour alone.

The servants who waited on us lined up at different stages on our journey as we passed out and at the door "mine host", the proprietor, made us farewell salaams. The servants cried our departure from man to man in a high falsetto something like the *voice* of a chicken!

Friday Dr. Arthur H. Smith lectured to us. The Chinese have a proverb for everything, so he says. Apropos of our proverb—"It takes two to make a quarrel" is the Chinese, "One palm of the hand makes no sound"! A Chinese comment on the difference of marriage customs, East and West, is—"You put your water in hot and let it get cold; we put ours in cold and let it get hot". You know, of course, that in China the bride and groom do not see each other before the wedding day, the affair being arranged for them through their families. "To eat dumb man's loss" is an expression which means to suffer without complain-

ing. A dumb man swallows a tooth but he can tell no one about it. "To eat bitterness" is their way of saying our American "get stung"!

He spoke of the etiquette of the old style Chinese teacher. Their courteous speech is most interesting. On greeting a stranger they first inquire for his "honorable name". The proper response is, "My humble name is——". "Where is your honorable mansion?" "My humble hut is on Chien Men Street!" "What is your exalted age?" (This is addressed to other than gray haired old gentlemen). "Oh! I am quite young yet, only fifty." Age is a mark of great distinction in China. And so the conversation continues, with mutual protestations of unworthiness and occasional quotations from the Classics. The memory of these scholars is prodigious. The story is told of a high official who was exiled. On the long sea voyage the days grew monotonous, and the official was asked why he did not take to reading. He replied that he knew all the books by heart, and there was nothing more for him to read. Such a man according to their expression has a "stomach-full of learning". The repository of erudition is in common speech, the stomach. Another instance of their powers of memory. Some men were translating and revising the Bible and had the help of an old Chinese scholar. There was the old version in five columns, and each man made his own translation in five columns. When they would come together to confer on their work, they would ask the teacher—"What did the old version read at such and such a point?" He would shut his eyes and sway gently back

and forth and repeat the passage for them. He kept the original and their five translations in his mind.

NEW YEAR CELEBRATIONS, ETC.

We have been to a big New Year's bazaar. The Chinese New Year is reckoned by the moon and usually comes later than in our solar calendar. The dealers had their wares laid out on the ground or on small tables, over a large vacant lot, perhaps an acre in extent. In the center there were booths for tea drinking and eating, accommodations for a thousand people, I should guess. There was no roof over the merchants, for there is little fear of rain in Peking at this season of the year, and there were no heating arrangements for the Chinese dress very heavily in winter. They have little heating of their homes, in fact. A great crowd of people passed around and back again looking at the goods offered for sale. All the merchants were small dealers, displaying about as much merchandise as could be put in a space ten feet square. There were curios, brass and metal ornaments and utensils, porcelain, toys, scrolls painted and lettered, *et cetera*. Here is the usual dialog in bargaining for a purchase. I see a likely looking lacquered tray which Helen thinks will be of service with her tea set, so I ask the merchant—"How much is that?" "Two dollars and a half", is his reply. Showing surprise and incredulity I say, "That is much too dear". Says he, "Then you make an offer". Say I, "I'll give you eighty cents". Says he—"I won't sell it for that price, it's below cost". Say I—"Then I won't buy it", and walk away. If he still views me in the light of a possible customer he will at once call after

me—"Come back. Now make your last offer for it". "Absolutely my last word; I'll give you a dollar". No he won't take it, and off I go again. I am climbing into a ricksha to leave the grounds when up runs a little boy who cries—"Do you want to buy that tray? How much will you give for it?" "A dollar", I again reply. He tells me to wait and runs off, soon to reappear with the tray. His father had sent him after me.

The Chinese are great bargainers, they are at it all the time. It rather tries my patience more than once in a very great while. Instead of having a fixed fare, so many cents a mile, the ricksha man says he will pull you for eight coppers, for example, and you offer him four, and finally compromise on six. Some of the more modern shops have signs now declaring that they are one price establishments and do not "chiang chia", that is, haggle the price. The shops have many queer signs. One is—"Children and old folks will not be deceived here". The implication, of course, is that others can take care of themselves.

I said that I would tell you something about Chinese names. There are only about one hundred surnames, and these are all contained in the Book of Names. They are really clan names. Some are more common than others, for example, Wang (王) which means Prince. It is even more common than Smith or Brown in the States. The surname is spoken first, the given name of one or two words follows. Chang Djing Ching is Mr. Chang, not Mr. Ching. When a child is born, he is given a name by his parents by which he is known in the home. When old enough to go to school, his teacher gives him another name. When he comes of man's

estate, he is given still another name by which he is officially known. The giving of this last name is quite an important occasion and is accompanied by feasts and visits of congratulation. On the visiting cards of Chinese gentlemen, both of these last mentioned names usually appear. Translated some of them sound quite odd to our ears. For instance, "Constant Grandson", "Honest Thoroughfare", "Establisher of Virtue", and so on.

ST. JOHN'S PARISH CHURCH
Hawthorne Lane and Fifth Street

V

NEW CHINESE IN OLD CHINA

THE TAOIST WORSHIP

There were two parties and a trip to a temple outside of the city this week, but finest of all were the two letters from you. Saturday was one of the two or three big days of the year at the White Cloud Temple which is west of the city wall. We went out to see the crowds and the Taoist worship. There was a great multitude coming and going on the way. What struck me was the presence among those who walked or rode little donkeys, of the fine carriages of the wealthy. And out at the temple there were women in fine silks and jewels who prostrated themselves before the idols and burned their joss sticks along with the poor and ignorant. There must be too much of the feeling of religion in the hearts of men for them to give up entirely their religious practices, even though such practices are condemned as superstition by many educated Chinese to-day.

The road to the temple was very dusty with the wear of many feet, and we found it easier to get out of our rickshas and walk when we were outside of the city gate. As we neared the temple the crowd thickened, reminding one of a country circus crowd. Along the sides of the road were hundreds of beggars, holding up

stumps of legs or arms for pity, or calling out from where they sat in their blindness, or hobbling after passersby with outstretched hands, or as one man, almost naked despite the cold of the day, making horrible noises in the hope of getting money. Unspeakable in dirt and filth and misery. One now realizes how Jesus with his great heart of love, could not help working miracles when he passed through similar crowds and saw just such harrowing spectacles of wrecked humanity. And when you see the bitter weeping and fearful superstitions that are evident in any Chinese funeral, you don't wonder that Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead, and said of the little daughter—"She is not dead, but sleepeth". Our American Christianity is the heir of ages that through the word of the gospel and the power of Christ have swept out fear and much of the most terrible sickness, and it too easily forgets the pit from which it was digged in confidently asserting that Jesus could not have done this or that. Jesus said—"Go and tell John the things which ye hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk and the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear, and the poor have good tidings preached unto them". Would that we could tell of such miracles as these they reported to John. Can we preach the gospel really and fully unless we seek to relieve the suffering of those around us? I am sure that it is according to the divine wisdom of God that the power to work physical miracle by a word has not been granted to us. In the day of the wealth and power and knowledge of his people; he has chosen to lay the burden of this need on the hearts of all his followers and has not granted special power

for one or two to work miracles. Through hospitals, through asylums, through industrial training centers and homes and missions for the poor and neglected, and better still through preventive measures correcting conditions, we all may work together the works of God, and these are really the greater works that he promised to do through us. But we have hardly yet begun to work with him these greater works here in China.

We went into the gate of the temple followed by a mob of boys begging for cash. The temple was in rather better repair than others I have seen. It is a sort of monastery. The Taoist priests (pronounced Towist) wear their hair long and coiled on the top of their heads. We passed over a marble bridge on either side of which as one leaned over the balcony were seen suspended pots with a bell hung in them at which the people tossed coppers. I suppose if the bell was struck it was a sign of good luck. Under the bridge and behind these bells sat men in rigid meditation. We learned later that they do not sit thus for long days as we had supposed, but only on temple days when the people come. The worship in the temple itself was on this wise. A worshiper would ascend the steps of one of the compartments where there was an idol and would purchase a bunch of joss sticks from one of the priests who stood by the altar. The priest lighted these sticks from a fire before the idol and handed them to the worshiper who waved them up and down once or twice and then after placing these sticks in a receptacle before the idol he kowtowed (literally knocked his head) on a mat laid on the floor in front of the altar. We noticed that most of the worshipers were women

—it is ever so. The different idols presumably conferred different benefits, for the same worshipers kowtowed before different images. There were eight or ten separate rooms for worship. We asked several of the priests to let us take their photograph and no sooner than we had them standing out in the sun a regular mob surrounded us to watch the operation. The soldiers had to put them back.

THE "RETURNED CHINESE STUDENTS"

Living at the Y. M. C. A. while studying the language has given me a very good chance to see something of the returned students, as they are called, particularly those from America and England. I have observed them with great interest and it is of them that I now want to write.

The returned students are of several decades. There are the few of the earlier days, and the larger number of those who have gone abroad since the Boxer trouble, many of them on scholarships from the Boxer Indemnity Fund. Many of the older men are in positions of prominence and authority, and the younger men in good numbers are rising rapidly into such positions. Coming back to China with a Western education, they are often put in charge of important enterprises. For instance, C. F. Wang, a younger brother of C. T. Wang, who has only been back in China a short while and who has been on the staff of the Y. M. C. A. as Returned Student Secretary, left last week to take charge of an iron and coal mine in Manchuria. He studied mineralogy in Columbia University. Perhaps the largest proportion of the returning students come directly to

Peking in the hope of working into government positions. Including those who have studied in Japan, Mr. Wang told me that there were about a thousand of these men in Peking, half of them former students in American and English institutions. What has interested me in this matter most deeply, so deeply that it rests upon my mind with great concern, is the fact that according to the investigation made by Mr. Wang in his work with them, only about forty of this last named five hundred are Christians.

Mr. Wang has been having Returned Student Socials every two weeks. The idea is to provide a pleasant gathering for these fellows, with games and refreshments. Fifteen or twenty, and these mostly roomers in the Y. M. C. A. dormitory, usually make up the crowd. The men are fine looking, cultured and bright, but it has distressed me greatly to observe a kind of cynicism that occasionally appears in their remarks if there is any reference to religious matters. I don't mean that there are religious discussions at these parties, but a single instance will illustrate what I mean. On Christmas Eve, Mr. Wang suggested that we begin by singing some Christmas carols and passed round some "Fellowship Hymns" books. When they were being distributed there was quite a bit of sarcasm expressed—just like some American college fellows give out about similar matters—about the prayer meeting we were going to have. Some accepted the books as if they were red hot. Mind you I am not condemning them. It is confessed in the Y. M. C. A. that their most difficult field of endeavor is among the students who have returned from so-called Christian

America and England. There are about sixteen or seventeen who room in the Y. M. C. A. Of these, three or four are Christians. The other day I offered to lead a Bible class for these men on Sunday mornings, and told Mr. Wang that three or four of them even would be worth the effort, but he said that it was very hard to get them to a Bible class. They said that they had been to America and knew all about that. It looks as if my offer will go begging.

There are, on the other hand, Christian men of the finest character among them. C. T. Wang is an example. Mr. Fei of the Peking Y. M. C. A. is one of the finest men I have ever met, of any nationality. He impresses one from the first, his poise and dignity. He is a graduate of Oberlin. And I could name others.

What has happened to most of these men in America and England? Why has Christianity appealed to them so weakly? Where shall we look for the causes of this situation? Now-a-days there are some of the Chinese Christians who are saying—"Don't send your boy to America—it will ruin him". There is the old problem—Is it because of the college or what is in the boy, that the boy is ruined in his college days? The answer is usually—Both, sometimes more of one and less of the other. The Chinese student leaves his home for America. He is not a Christian. He goes to one of the large American Universities. (Not many of them are attracted to the smaller Christian colleges—they don't even know of their existence.) He has more money perhaps than he has been used to, for the government allowance is very liberal. He sees the social life of the University, especially the extra-

gances of a certain class of students. He is often socially ignored, or if attractive may get in with the wrong kind of associates. He becomes more and more critical of what he thinks is the Christian life of America. Indeed his Confucian morality may often exceed in quality the moral life of many he considers as representatives of Christianity. He is impressed with the organization of American life, the wealth and efficiency of big business, and this impression is in inverse ratio to that which he receives concerning our Christianity. He returns to his own land convinced that the real America is materialistic, wealthy, successful in its control of nature's forces; that there is little importance in the America which has sent out a lot of visionaries as missionaries to his native land.

I am afraid much of his failure to find that Christianity which we like to think is at the heart of our America, lies at our door. The finest product of Christianity is the Christian home, and how few of these Chinese students have had any acquaintance with real Christian homes. Why is it that so many people have great difficulty in accepting Chinese as their social and racial equals? It must be because they do not know them. The root of prejudice is ignorance. If I ever was doubtful on this point, a few months in Peking in contact with the scholarly dignity, the essential courtesy, the innate ability of so many Chinese, and the fine faces among both the men and the women of the educated classes which one sees, would thoroughly convince me. Of course, many Chinese are not acquainted with our forms of etiquette, but think

how boorish and abrupt we must appear before we have learned their customs.

Are the Chinese easy to attract to Christianity? Is it difficult to make friends with them? I have their own testimony to the fact that they welcome advances on the part of Americans, that they are at first strongly favorable rather than prejudiced against Christianity, that they hunger for friendship first of all, and afterwards we can give them the secret of the truest friendship, that with Jesus Christ and in Jesus Christ.

It is my feeling that more of the Chinese would become Christians if they found their way into some of the smaller colleges whose foundation and character are thoroughly and professedly Christian. They would not be lost in the crowd, they would be established in their undergraduate days, and later they could go to the Universities for special courses. Why shouldn't these fellows be under decidedly Christian professors in their undergraduate days? One of the chief difficulties is that most of these students are government students, and are directed in their work by the government bureau.

Certainly it is useless to expect that the sight of our railroads, our motor cars whirling along the streets, our skyscrapers, our campuses full of fine buildings, will bring these boys into the friendship of Jesus Christ. I am glad that this matter is finding its way into the hearts of many in America. There is now a committee for the promotion of friendly relations with foreign students organized under the Student Department of the Y. M. C. A., and sub-committees in some of the student centers. Genuine Christian hospitality to-

wards these Chinese young men may not only mean the entertaining of angels unawares, but of future governors, statesmen, railroad and mill presidents, and the like, and no greater service to the promotion of right relationships between the East and West can be rendered than the simple act of having these fellows in our homes.

THE NEW AND THE OLD IN CHINA

We found this batch of mail when we came in from our week end visit out at Tsing Hua College which is the place where the Chinese boys are fitted to go to America on the indemnity money which America returned to China after the Boxer uprising. I was invited out to give the Friday afternoon talk to the Middle school boys. We took lunch with Dr. Tsur, the President, a young Chinese not much past thirty, a graduate of Yale and Wisconsin. Later we were shown about the grounds by the Registrar, another young Chinese whom I had met at Lake Mohonk in New York. The grounds have the beginnings of a very beautiful campus. They were once the palace grounds of a prince, some say a leader of the Boxers. If so, it is quite the irony of fate, that on these grounds American teachers are preparing boys to go to one of the hated countries, to bring back the West that he tried to expel. The campus has a high rock wall enclosing more than one hundred acres—a wall is inevitable in China. The gate is guarded by soldiers, who held us up when we arrived in our rickshas to ask for our cards. In the center is the Yamen which was the home of the Commission of Education to America. The low tiled

roofs, odd shaped doorways, artificial rockeries, little pools of water, make it a charming place. The rest of the buildings are in foreign style. In the northeast corner of the campus are the homes of the American teachers. At three o'clock Friday I was introduced to an audience of two hundred Chinese boys by the acting dean of the College, whose English was faultless. (His father was taken to England for his education by General Gordon.) I spoke without an interpreter on "The Principles that Should Govern the Choice of Life Work", and the fact that the boys laughed at the right places is an indication that I was understood. All their instruction is in English, and so they had no difficulty in understanding a speech in English.

I have intimated that the faculty is made up of both Chinese and American teachers. The Americans are chosen with the advice of the Y. M. C. A. office in New York. The first president of the school who was a Christian put this in the hands of the General Secretary of the Student Y. M. C. A.

While at Tsing Hua we walked over to see the old summer palace, the Yuan Ming Yuan, built by Chien Lung, one of the greatest of the Manchu emperors. It is all in ruins now as it was ransacked and burned by the French and the British in 1860 or thereabouts.

The trees are all gone and the stones are turned one upon the other, but it is still a most interesting sight. The plan was made by Jesuit monks when they came to China two or three hundred years ago, and it is a great surprise to see Corinthian columns and remains of Italian architecture in distinctly Chinese surroundings. The palace grounds are enormous in extent.

They stretch from where the Emperor had a foreign village built in order to see how people in other parts live, through several foreign style palace buildings, to the strictly Chinese ancestral hall at the far west. The whole is surrounded by a wall about twenty feet high. Most of the buildings are built of white marble, minutely carved. We saw the place where the Emperor had his marble throne. The throne is gone but the pedestal remains. Behind it are several bas-reliefs, which depict European armor, steel helmets, battle axes, and one relief has a couple of cannon crossed with balls between. There was a great central building on the top of which was a reservoir into which was pumped water. This water created pressure for a series of fountains on the outside staircases and for a pool below where twelve different figures during the twelve hours of the clock, took turns spouting water at a figure in the center. In another part of the grounds there was a labyrinth, whose intricacies amused those who tried to find their way out. This passage can still be traced. At another place the Emperor had a street for a fair, like those outside the palace, for the benefit of the women who could not go out of the palace grounds. There are many streams which wind through the park, and here and there small lakes with artificial islands. One island is a perfect circle; another is shaped like a swastica. One of the Tsing Hua professors has made quite a study of the place and he showed us pictures of the original which had been photographed from engravings of the plans and from Chinese paintings of the palace.

VI

ARCHITECTURAL MONUMENTS

VISITING TEMPLES OF HEAVEN AND HELL

We have been to Shantung for our Easter holiday and have climbed the sacred mountain of Tai and visited the grave of the greatest of the Sages.

We began the ascent of the mountain early in the day. Each of us was supplied with a mountain chair and three bearers—two men carrying at one time and an extra man to alternate and thereby ease the load. There are six thousand stone steps to the top of the mountain and literally millions of pilgrims have toiled their weary way to the summit to worship in the temples. About every ten yards of the way there were beggars. They are said to make enough in the pilgrim season which lasts a month or so to keep them the rest of the year. One of the most pitiable beggars, an old woman who seemed to be on the verge of death itself, we discovered on close inspection to be a dummy. Someone was doubtless near at hand to collect the coins that were thrown in her basket.

The mountain has little vegetation, as it is really a great rock. The rocky surfaces are carved with various inscriptions, some of them showing the signs of great age. There are shrines at distances all the way up the ascent. We stopped at a half way house at noon for

lunch. Off to our left we could see the last stretch of our journey, still more precipitous than that we had come. It seemed almost as if it were a ladder, like Jacob's, set up to heaven. The grade several estimated about 80%—a misstep of the chair bearers and down, down, down,—. At about four we passed through the south gate of heaven. A good many of us preferred walking that last stretch. But the men do not make missteps—they would lose their jobs if that should happen. The valley was foggy so we missed the famous view. Confucius is said to have seen the sea, eighty miles away, from the top. Temples and monasteries crowded the summit. All the Chinese religions are represented on the mountain, and the chair bearers are Mohammedans. We had only a few short minutes as the day was closing, so we did not see the site where in days agone pilgrims threw themselves over the cliff to death, nor did we see the man who alone in a temple eats a little less each day until he dies and another comes to take his place. But we saw enough to show how far the poor pilgrims are from the heaven they seek on the topmost height of their sacred mountain. A man with a woman, presumably his wife, she leaning heavily on a staff to relieve the weight from her contracted feet as well as to feel her way, for she was almost blind, came in to worship as we stood in the temple of the Mother of Heaven. The priest rang a gong, and they kneeled on the mat before the idol and touched their heads to the ground, and rising threw a few coins toward the shrine. The priest was as impersonal in his contact with them as a ticket taker in a subway in America. A little family came up and the

boy and father and the mother prostrated themselves before the various shrines. Yes, there is good in all religions, but how academic the estimates of the scholar in some secluded study in the university sound when one faces the realities of lack and need. There was no comfort written on the face of that woman as she hobbled away on her staff.

It was dark when we reached the mission compound after our return trip. We came down very rapidly. The men carry the chair sidewise so that they both touch the same step—it makes it very easy riding. But the work soon wears them out. Our head man seemed to be about forty-five years old, a great strapping fellow about six feet tall, whose back was quite straight but his head and neck were carried forward as if he were continually looking for a step. He had stopped carrying the mountain chairs because it had affected his heart. He once boasted that none could carry a heavier load up the mountain. It is work for beasts or machines, not for men. The trip cost \$1.40 per chair, think of it!

The next morning, some of us took an early start and visited the Buddhist Temple of Hell in the city of Tai An. The gate of heaven on the evening before; this morning a glimpse of hell and its tortures. There were rooms with the pictures of the tortures, and stalls with clay images also representing the sufferings of the damned. Men were being thrown on spikes from off a high wall or into a fire, or naked were compelled to sit in the midst of ice, or were being sawn asunder, in these representations.

That same day we made our pilgrimage to the grave

of Confucius, just outside the city of Chufu. In the city is a magnificent Confucian temple, one of the few in China which contains a statue or image of Confucius. The grave is in a large walled enclosure in which are buried the descendants of the Kung clan for these many generations. The grave of the sage and of his son are off to one side, two large mounds of earth amid the trees, with great stones bearing a simple inscription. There they have lain for over two thousand years.

From Chufu we returned to Tsinanfu, the capital of Shantung. There is a tall pagoda on the mountain overlooking the city to which the city is supposed to be fastened by an invisible chain; if the chain by some chance would break the whole city would slip into the Yellow River.

In Tsinan is the famous Whitewright Institute, still managed by its founder, Dr. Whitewright of the English Baptist Mission. It is a combination of museums and lecture halls in an attempt to represent Western civilization and Christianity to the Chinese by means of charts, picture models, stereopticon, *et cetera*.

A specially interesting section is the hygienic. There are charts and models showing the infection of food by flies in the stalls of dealers who have no screens, the necessity of ventilation, the evils of foot-binding, the way flies and mosquitoes transmit disease, how ponds and surface wells which supply the water for washing clothes are breeding places of disease. The models are all made in the Institute under Mr. Whitewright's direction by Chinese assistants. Mr. Whitewright said he had quite a time getting his assistants to make the

courtyard and house dirty enough in one of the two models showing sanitary and unsanitary dwellings. In the lecture hall the walls are covered with charts, some showing the treatment of simple maladies, one set representing the Prodigal Son. Lectures are given every hour while the crowds are coming during the day. There is over a thousand daily attendance. There is another smaller lecture hall also. Among other things there is a diagram of the working of wireless telegraphy, observatories and telescopes, a comparative railroad map of Shantung and England, a model of a large ocean steamship, a clean and well kept Chinese village (using constructive imagination), some specimens of modern machinery and farming implements, a big exhibit of soaps from Lever Brothers, Port Sunlight, England. These are all labelled in Chinese and English. You can well see why they say there is never a Chinese who visits Tsinanfu but makes one or more visits to the Institute. It is a great evangelistic agency as well as enlightening educational instrument. The lectures are usually gospel talks.

That same day we also looked into the new hospital building which the English Baptists run in union with the American Presbyterians. How sunny and light it is and how comfortable and clean the wards! Outside of the compound on a little hill sat a group of Chinese men and women, some with bandaged heads, waiting for the opening of the out-patient department. I know of one hospital where they have to have two separate departments for in-patients; one is modern with spring beds for those who are willing to take a bath; the other is clean but Chinese style with hard board beds for

those incorrigibles who cannot be persuaded that a bath is a means to health. A doctor told me that he found one Chinese, who had been tucked in for the night in a nice spring bed, on the floor later rolled up in his blankets. He declared that he couldn't get to sleep because the bed was too soft.

The day we came up to Tientsin there blew a terrific dust storm which made it difficult to see out of the train windows. The air was yellow for the three hundred miles of the trip with the dust of the Northern desert. The force of the wind so retarded the speed of the train that we were six hours late. The dust seeps in through every tiny crack and covers the floor with a fine silt. It drifts up in the corner of the yard three or four inches deep at times. It is the northern substitute for spring rains. Dust storms sometimes travel as far south as Hankow. Once in a while the wind will ride so high that the storm passes over our heads without our feeling the wind; the sky is yellow and the dust sifts down.

CONFUCIAN AND BUDDHIST WORSHIP

Our regular Saturday afternoon outing took us to the Confucian and Lama Buddhist temples. I came away feeling that there was absolutely no reason to doubt that we have much to give to China who come in the name of Christ. Such a contrast to the Christian service at the American Board church we attended some weeks ago, where the people gathered before a fine-looking Chinese pastor, sang some of the beautiful hymns of the church, and recited the Lord's Prayer together, in the large, well lighted grey stone building,

much like a church at home; the worshipers dressed in clean and becoming clothes, their faces all showing the light of the Glory of God. We visited the Confucian temple first. Here there were only a few men in attendance, caretakers of the property, not religious dignitaries. Worship of the Confucian tablets occurs only twice a year here. There is a main hall with great red pillars and a blue and gold dragon ceiling which would be quite beautiful if more light came in to illuminate the colors. The furnishings are very simple, consisting mainly in cabinets arranged in rows along two sides of the room, in each of which is a single red slab of wood, about six inches wide and sixteen inches tall, the tablet of some Confucian saint, and then in front of the room a very large cabinet containing a larger red tablet inscribed in gold letters to the Sage Confucius himself. In the courtyard of the temple are large booths ranged on each side of the walk to the main gate, containing enormous stone tablets, twenty to twenty-five feet high set on the backs of great stone turtles. These were erected by different emperors as memorials. If they had a good cleaning they would be magnificent, but now they are covered with dirt and the booths are falling into decay.

Away from the deathlike quiet of this temple, broken only on the outside where we encountered a host of children, begging apparently at the behest of the temple keepers, we went to the Lama Buddha temple to see the priests at four o'clock worship. This is a larger place, the courtyards are full of priests in their red and yellow robes. But it was even dirtier and farther along in the

way to decay. Money had to line the palms of the door-keepers before permission was given to enter the various rooms of the different buildings. These rooms were close and ill-smelling, the priests dirty of face and hands and clothes. All sorts of curiously formed images, Buddhas of many sizes and shapes, carved animals whose like would hardly be found in any book of natural history, altars crowded with masses of gilded ornaments not very carefully polished, left an impression of hideousness. In an inner building there is a gilded figure of Buddha seventy feet high, the structure built in four tiers around it. The room was so dark even in daytime that it was difficult to get an impression of it. There were no attendants on the vesper service but the priests and their acolytes. The men and boys sat in rows on low benches before low tables wrapped in their many robes because of the cold of the room, only taking out their hands when it was a part of the ritual to strike them together. They kept up a continual noise, a monotonous chant of sounds quite unintelligible to us, and perhaps to them also, the boys carrying the treble and the men growling out the bass. Two high priests in more elaborate robes stood before the altar which was covered with rice, or walked among the boys, or sat for a time at one side overlooking the group.

The hopeful thing about it all is that as China gains in modern education, such things are soon discarded. Our business is to be on time in giving that which shall take the place of worn out superstition and save the land from irreligion.

THE GREAT CHINESE WALL

We were up at the Great Wall yesterday. Its name in Chinese is Wan Li Chang Cheng, the Ten Thousand Li Wall. A "li" is a third of a mile. The wall was built before the birth of Christ, about 200, and is 1500 miles long. Our journey to the wall was made on the Peking-Kalgan R. R., which is a greatly admired piece of engineering through the mountains north of Peking, built entirely under the supervision of Chinese engineers. There are four or five tunnels and the fills on the side of the mountains are faced with masonry to keep the soil from washing away—better grading than any I have seen in America. The road cost less per mile to build than any other in China, and it is a fine evidence of the capacity of the Chinese race. The station where we alighted was just beyond a break in the Great Wall, made to let the trains pass through. From the station we walked about a mile to where the wall crossed over the railroad above a tunnel, and there we climbed up the hills and on to the wall itself. You have read descriptions of the wall already; the only thing left is to see it, like a great serpent crawling along the ridges and down into the valleys off into the distance beyond the sight. It is in a much better state of preservation than I had expected, and if the implements of war were the same to-day as in ancient days, it would soon be patched up and serve as a real protection. The wall in places rose so steeply up the mountain side that its top had to be constructed in steps. At other places the top was almost level. It is approxi-

mately fifteen feet wide at the top, and twenty feet high. The individual bricks are very large.

We went and came in the same day, a party of eleven of us from the Language School. We ate our picnic lunch by the side of the old pass which is still used by camel and mule trains up toward Mongolia. We saw many such trains making their way slowly over the mountains. We also saw two men going along the road leading monkeys. They did not have an organ, however.

I forgot to take my kodak the other day and wanted it badly for a picture of a farmer on the highway with his carrying pole and two baskets slung over his shoulder, each of the baskets loaded with a small youngster in a red jacket and big straw hats.

VII

SUMMERING IN CHINA

CHINA PROGRESSING; BUT WHITHER?

Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks spoke to the Returned Students' Social this afternoon. He gave this interesting experience. He said he was talking to one of the men of the legations who has had twelve years' experience in China, about the political crisis. I understood him to designate the man as one of the foreign ambassadors. The man was very pessimistic about the future of China. He feared that this present difficulty over the monarchy would throw the nation back two or three hundred years. He said the people are too selfish. Then as Dr. Jenks was leaving he said—"I don't want to be misunderstood in regard to what I have said. I am not a religious man. As far as I am concerned it is all superstition. But my opinion is that unless Christianity saves China, nothing can save her."

Dr. Jenks spoke of the difference in the country since he last visited here twelve years ago. At that time there was hardly a ricksha in Peking. Travel on the streets was in sedan chair or Peking cart. There was only one small strip of macadamized road; now there are macadamized streets in all directions. The type of Chinese official was wholly different then. Now most of the officials have had a part of their education

abroad. Though still subject to criticism they are infinitely better than the former type. He thought that the progress of China, considering its size and the difficulties in the way more wonderful than that of Japan, and given fifteen years of stable government it would surpass all that the world has ever seen.

AT THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN AGAIN

On Monday of last week we were two of sixteen jolly picnickers at the Temple of Heaven. Salad, pickles, sandwiches, chicken, cake and ice-cream! We arrived at six in the evening and came home at nine. The moon came up early and we sat on the great marble altar facing its pale light, watching the shadows of the arches and the sacrificial vessels—singing old ditties and college songs. Some day that great park with its grass and ancient trees will be open to all who want to come, rich and poor alike; at least I hope so. Instead of being sacred to an Emperor's feet it will be sanctified by the feet of little children who will romp out of the hot, crowded courts and dusty streets to play about the green. There is little provision for their play in the cities of China as yet. Japan has its beautiful parks, but apart from those in the foreign concessions of places like Shanghai and Tientsin, there are almost no public parks in this land.

The ricksha ride home in the moonlight through the wide street up to the great Chien Gate—lighted up with lamps on either side and crowded with people who passed up and down looking at the wares laid out on the sidewalks for the evening market—the voices of the bargainers—the crowds in the open teashops—the sol-

diers with guns slung across their shoulders keeping the street open and the carts to their proper side of the street (the left)—I wish you could see the picturesque sights with your own eyes.

Saturday we went out to Tung-chau again, a kind of reunion of our Shantung party. We stayed at the American School for Missionaries' children. The school children had all departed for home. We didn't do much but talk and read and just enjoy each other's company. I played several sets of tennis and read a book on Biblical Criticism.

A TRIP TO CHEFOO

It is Monday morning. Saturday evening astride a little donkey, I rode up the hill from the railroad station to this place, before which rolls the blue ocean. Behind and on either side the blue mountains shut us in. Between our hill which is only about ten minutes walk from the beach, and the mountains which stretch back into Mongolia, is a beautiful valley green with the farms of the Chinese villagers. Our house is on the crest of East Cliff—perhaps twenty or thirty cottages are on this side. About three miles to the west are the majority of the summer homes, at Rocky Point. There they have the auditorium and the base-ball field. We have three families in our cottage—all more or less newly-wed.

I found the household down by the sea, eating supper on a little promontory that juts out into the waves. I was in time for a bit of ice-cream. It was wonderfully beautiful there in the evening, but I had little thought

for aught else than my sweetheart, for it seemed an age since I left her for Chefoo.

I went to Chefoo to attend a missionary conference. I boarded a boat at Tientsin. A trip of eight hours down the winding muddy river—so narrow at places that once we ran full into the bank and cut the road that ran along the edge quite in two—brought us to the Taku forts and the Gulf of Pei Chihli. On the way down the river we watched the farmers irrigating their land. One way was for two men seated on opposite sides of a hole cut in the bank into which the river poured, with ropes to swing a bucket down into the water and with a swing bring the water up to empty it into runways that traversed the field. The bank where they worked was perhaps fifteen feet high, quite steep. Another method was for a single man to work a kind of well sweep which threw the water up into the fields from the river.

I met old Dr. Hunter Corbett at supper one evening while at Chefoo. It took him six months to come to China in a sailing vessel. He is still very vigorous. One of his sons is a missionary in Tung-chau. I have now shaken hands with perhaps the three oldest missionaries in China: Dr. Goodrich and Dr. Corbett, both over eighty, and Dr. Martin, who is past ninety.

A MISSIONARY'S DEVELOPMENT

I was talking with a missionary about intellectual growth during the years of service in China. He rather smiled at the idea that I was determined so to grow. He seemed to feel that it was not necessary when working with people who are so far from having caught up

with the present. But his doubts are a challenge to me. I think it is a great pity that so many missionaries feel that the press of their work means that they have no time for new books or fresh contact with the thought of the world outside. The attitude that anything will do for the Chinese, that we know more than they do anyhow, will suffer a rude shock some day. It is like the department stores in Shanghai, established by foreigners along the old and conservative lines, carrying on business in the same old way for these many years; but modern Chinese have come in now and established up-to-date stores as fine as those in our large cities in the rear. But there are missionaries of long service who are as alive and keen to the modern world as any of the younger men, just out from America. It can be done. There are more difficulties and hindrances in the way to be sure, but they should only stimulate us to a finer struggle. Must the poetry, the love of the beautiful, the wonder of worship under the spell of music in buildings whose architecture uplifts the soul—must these all die out in this country which knows so little of them; then how will we ever bring them in. The drag is downward, but we must lift the harder upwards. There are those who say that our mission buildings should be on the same scale as the common, unadorned, buildings which we see about us; that the Chinese do not need money spent on beautiful architecture or on modern conveniences. What they have been used to is good enough. But why is not the same argument used as to the religion we preach? Why come at all? Let them have the religion that they have always been used to.

REST AND STUDY

Our first summer in China is nearing its end. Our first year in China is almost over. Do years always run by so fast? And do they almost seem as a dream rather than the real living in a real world. The China that we now know—and after all we only know a bit of it—is like a dream, so different is it from all our thought before we came.

Who could have dreamed of a summer in China like the one we have spent in Peitaiho! China must be all desert, we think before we arrive. But here is a place whose beauty surpasses description, for it is new every morning as the mists rise off the mountains across the blue bay, and fresh every evening as the glory of the colors of the setting sun spread along the shoulders of the peaks, south, west, and north. Think of blue mountains and blue ocean together. The range runs right down into the sea to the northeast of us at Shanhakwan. That is the eastern end of the Great Wall. The name means the pass between the mountains and the sea. Just this side of Shanhakwan is the port of Chingwantao—opposite us across the half circle of a bay. When the weather is very clear we can see the steel poles of the Japanese wireless station there. Steamers from coast ports and Japan come and go. Occasionally a gunboat comes in and at night flashes its searchlight about the harbor. The American transports land their detachment for Tientsin and Peking at Chingwantao, and take the returning troops on board. Early in the morning and late in the evening are seen the square sails of the Chinese fishing junks.

Shanhaikwan is a famous place. Through this pass have poured the invading Mongols and the later Manchus. Battles like unto Thermopylæ have more than once been fought here. The wall is now falling into pieces. I wonder if the Japanese will some day come through that same pass which has failed to keep back the invaders of earlier days.

By the side of many of the houses in East Cliff are the ruins of the houses of Boxer days. From this place many of the fleeing missionaries took ship. I have been looking at these ruins as the remains of torches of the frenzied Boxers, but one of the older missionaries corrected that impression. She said the natives hereabouts thought that the foreigners had left China for good, and after they fled the villagers round about came and dismantled all the houses, taking away all the woodwork, all the furnishings and what brick they wanted. I noticed one of the houses subsequently and saw no mark of fire upon it though its ruin was complete. Only the walls were left standing.

This resort was prospected and settled by missionaries, but in these days members of the business communities of the port cities are crowding into them. They have plenty of money and their coming means a general rise in the cost of living for all of us. Houses are in great demand, and as it is more profitable to rent to a business man at a large figure than to a missionary at a small one, it is becoming more and more difficult to make ends meet there unless one owns a house. Before the days of summer resorts for the missionaries when they used to spend all the year at their stations of

work, the death rate among missionary babies was very high. Now when the hot season comes on the mothers and babies are sent off to the seashore or the mountains, the fathers following later for a month or so. All need the inspiration and mental stimulation of fellowship with others from widely separated parts of China, and tired bodies need the recreation of swimming and tennis and baseball. One of the most refreshing elements of the summer life there is the Sunday service in English with two or three hundred people in attendance. Not having had such a privilege of worship during the year back in the interior, makes this afternoon service a cherished advantage to many missionaries. If we are to help in God's work of giving men visions in the midst of the plain where their hearts are inclosed by sin and their bodies, many of them, by mud walls, we need to get away for a season into the mountains.

Peitaiho is just one of the summering places. The most famous in China is Kuling, on a high mountain in the Yangtse valley. There is a mountain resort near us in Honan which we shall probably go to when we are located in Kaifeng. Sometimes missionaries take a trip to Japan in the summer.

For the first few days we have been doubling up on our study of Chinese to get ready for examinations that come on the fourteenth and fifteenth of September. We must be able to recite twenty Chinese proverbs besides our work in character writing and the reading in Mark and the text book. We have learned sufficient characters to be able to take our turn at reading a verse in turn at Chinese prayers every morning, with some

prompting now and then. We shall be glad to be at Kaifeng where we can learn by using what we have.

Yesterday we had the final baseball game of the season with the American soldiers. We beat them 12-5.

VIII

KAIFENG

TRAVELING ON CHINESE TRAINS

We left Peitaiho on Friday, September 8th, after a week of wonderful weather—clear and cool. On the trip back to Peking I stopped off at Tientsin to shop for a day. The foreign part of that city is beautiful with many fine buildings and residences. That night I went to a band concert in Victoria Park given by the American Military Band. Promenading up and down and around the band stand, which stood in a blaze of electric lights amid myriads of flowers, were soldiers and civilians of many nations with their ladies, the civilians, many of them, in dress clothes, and the officers resplendent in duck and gold braid. After the concert, a friend took me to an ice-cream parlor, and we had real ice-cream on the roof garden, while ragtime was played on a piano near by. Oh you China!

You have heard of the heavy loads Chinese coolies carry. I saw some at Tientsin carrying cotton bales weighing 250 pounds from the wharf to the warehouse, a distance of perhaps a third of a mile. One man to a bale, and the overseer told me he gave them two copper coins a trip. They carried them on the back of their necks in such a position as to cause agony to an ordinary man.

The train to Peking Saturday afternoon was packed to the roof. I had a third class ticket. The seats were all full. Our seat meant for four had six people in it. The aisles were crowded with people seated on their baggage. A trip through the car had to be made over piles of baggage and heads of passengers. When they go from place to place, Chinese travelers appear to carry all their worldly goods and when they board trains it is a poor man that gets on last. They hardly give time for the passengers to get off before they pile into the cars, arms full of boxes and baskets and bedding, followed by coolies with the rest of their load, and it is one grand scramble with bumped heads and near fights for desirable locations. It usually ends, however, in everyone having a seat even if that is on the floor where the best of them can pull out their little brass pipes and smoke in comfort. No smoking cars in China. The air is heavy and blue at all times and in all cars with smoke from male and female lungs.

TAKING UP WORK AT KAIFENG

This is my first letter from Kaifeng. I guess you will see a good many with this address in weeks to come. I hope they will all be full of as happy news as this one. We are glad that we are here—very glad. We have felt quite at home and as we have seen more of the missionaries and natives and more of the city and country round about and touched at the edges of the opportunity for service and looked forward to the future we have felt that we could ask for nothing more promising as we begin our life as missionaries in China.

We are now living with the Sallees in the South

Suburb in their new home on the school compound. The country that stretches out and away from us is quite flat; it is a wide plain on the south side of the Yellow River. Kaifeng is six miles from the river. The city is protected by a series of dikes, for it is below the level of the river. The Yellow River has changed its course many times. It now empties into the sea two or three hundred miles distant from where it did in the twelfth century. It is very broad and shallow. In the summer at the time of the high waters there is great danger from floods.

Last night at six o'clock, I walked across the fields from prayer meeting as the sun was setting. Not far above the crimson clouds along the horizon hung the new moon. Clumps of dark green trees dotted the plain, with here and there a group of buildings casting long shadows. The earth of the fields was much of it newly turned. Farmers passed by carrying homeward their tools, or driving their two wheeled carts along the uneven road. Off to one side a military camp was partially hid in the willows that surrounded it on all four sides, the weeping branches bending over the shallow moat at the foot of the wall. Two buglers out in the front parade ground were sounding out the evening calls. Behind us in the darkening shadows rose the wall of the city, and nearby the tall smoke stacks of the arsenal stretched up into the night. You are learning with me—I through my own eyes, and you I hope through my letters—that there is much of beauty in this old land. It is not hard to think of a Chinese exile longing for his own dear landscapes.

The missionaries bring much of the Western idea of

beauty into their immediate surroundings. Mrs. Sallee loves her flowers. Roses just now are always on the table—La France roses at that. They have a fine garden and cows. The dairy is to be an industrial feature of the school. Milk and butter are not yet staples on the Chinese tables. The death rate of little children is heightened for one reason because they do not use cow's milk. A carpenter shop is also to be developed and later agricultural ventures. These departments will not only be educational but will supply opportunities for self help for students who have not money.

Inside the city back in the Chinese courtyards of the well-to-do are often hid a few fine trees and flowers. There are several flower gardens outside the East gate that supply potted plants to the inhabitants. In chrysanthemum season, pots can be purchased for ten or fifteen cents each. We are to live inside the city in a Chinese house. We hope to be able to make our little courtyard attractive. We have been in to look the place over several times and have been making plans to fit it up for our habitation. There are three sides of a square in the place; one story high. On the south will be our living room and bed-room; on the east the dining room and kitchen, on the west the guest room and store room.

Kaifeng is a fine Chinese city. Many of the streets are macadamized. In the better business streets there are many fine looking shops. One, a big jewelry shop, has a glazed brick front decorated with gold lettered signs. The fact that the jewelry stores are as big and prosperous as any of the establishments is a sign that

Chinese have money hidden somewhere. Their jewelry is made of pure gold, without any alloy, and so is rather soft. The women wear earrings, jeweled hair ornaments, finger rings, and the men wear finger rings. The babies of the prosperous are also decorated with jewelry. There are photographic supplies on display in some of the show windows, and foreign shoes, and in the Five Nations Drug Store, American and Japanese patent medicines, as well as the Chinese brand of these modern decoctions. The squeaking wheelbarrows with their enormous loads, as much as four hundred pounds pushed by one man; an occasional camel train bringing wheat from the country; the ubiquitous ricksha; the multitudes of pedestrians who know not such things as sidewalks; congest the highways. Did one ever see so continuously such crowds of people! Rarely ever do you pass a foreigner in these streets, and you soon know all of those you may perchance meet. The policemen look quite as trim as those who patrol the streets in Peking in their black uniforms with white trimmings, swords swung at their sides. On night duty the swords are changed for carbines.

Our work here is just a little over ten years old. It is only now beginning to open up. There are only two other men in the station here as yet. I am teaching a class in English and trying to catch on to the other work. The great hope that soon we shall have a real plant in the city keeps me from being disheartened when we gather for church and see people turn away because there is no place to sit down even on the plank seats that have no backs. The people are the first thing and then the place, but now that we are getting

the people we must have a place. The paper windows are torn, the bricks of the floor are damp, the rooms where the Sunday school classes are held are dark and dismal, but I have been surprised again and again to see how many fine faces there are in the crowd which comes; how many school boys from government schools, and nicely dressed business men, and neat looking women.

Five new members were baptized on Sunday, three men, a woman, and one of the school girls. The same day we celebrated the Lord's Supper together. Seeing these things makes me anxious to be in the city and at work. I haven't tried to make a speech yet but have been asked to lead chapel in the boys' school as soon as I can get ready, and I expect to make a stab at it soon. Perhaps the larger part of what is said in the services is now understandable, but it is easier to listen than to try to talk oneself. But I don't want to put off that attempt too long. To fire away and make mistakes is the only way to learn how to talk this lingo.

FACING THE GREAT HARVEST

We are in the midst of it; real China and real missionary work. So many words in the New Testament glow anew as we live our days in the heart of China. I think we can feel more of what Jesus had on his heart when he said—"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields that they are white unto the harvest"—a harvest never before touched. Honan is one of the most thickly populated of the provinces of China. There is an estimated population of over thirty million and Kaifeng is the governmental and educational and business

center for these millions. I don't suppose the radius of a circle that would take in as many people as lived in Palestine when Jesus walked among men would stretch many miles beyond the walls of this city as a center. And the followers of Christ inside that circle will hardly exceed those of the day of Pentecost. The conditions are not exactly alike but similar. Go on a country trip and the instructions to the seventy take on new meaning. And then the newness of the gospel. The Chinese word is Fu Yin—"The Happy Sound", words that mean to them more what the word "Evangel" meant to the early Christians, than the long adapted term "gospel" means to Christians in America. Our preaching places are called Fu Yin Tang, or "Happy Sound Halls". Churches are sometimes dignified with the name Li Bai Tang—or "Worship Halls".

You can hardly know how it feels to preach to people who have never heard, to whom the terms of the gospel are as strange as the message they convey. If you could only see the group that comes on Sunday to the services. In the midst are the members of the church; if all come, perhaps a handful of seventy or eighty men and women. There are those who have come before, whose ears have been caught by an unheard-of message of Light and Life and who want to hear more. There are the curious who have come in for the first time whose number is far from small each time we open the chapel. The speaker must always have this latter class in mind, and that means that the gospel must be sounded out so that a wayfarer may understand. With what simplicity and wisdom and earnestness, realizing the responsibility of the moment, it all must be done.

They are people who have never seen anyone close their eyes in prayer to the heavenly Father—they will wonder whom we are speaking to; they have never heard a Christian hymn, perhaps never heard the word for the supreme God. Everything they see is strange; everything they hear is stranger still.

I was sitting in our afternoon preaching service in the school chapel a while ago. It ministers not only to the schoolboys but is attracting an increasing number of people from the immediate vicinity and the villages round about. These village settlements you must understand are often no more than a mile apart. There was a group of soldiers from a nearby camp sitting near me and as Mr. Sallee announced the Scripture reading I moved back to let one of them look on my testament. Two others crowded up to see it too. (The Christians all carry their own bible and hymn book wrapped up in a handkerchief to church.) The passage was the description of the crucifixion and the sermon was on the three groups that looked on; the haters, the indifferent, and the disciples. When we sang hymns the soldiers tried to follow the strange foreign tunes. One of them during the service felt several times of the cloth of my coat to see what it was made of. I was told recently how Mr. Chang, one of the teachers in the school, who now teaches a Bible class in the afternoon Sunday school which follows the preaching, became a Christian. When he first came to the school about three years ago he was not a Christian. He was greatly displeased to eat with the boys when they had grace before meals. He was a Confucianist scholar. But he began to come to church. At first he

sat far in the rear, but slowly his prejudice was overcome and he gradually moved nearer and nearer the front to listen. And finally his heart was won. It is so often this way.

Two of the schoolboys are my Chinese teachers now. One of them is the son of an evangelist in Chengchow. His father was once a carter, a terribly bad man, wrathy, vile of speech, an opium smoker. The family did not want him to become a Christian but they could not gainsay the transformation of his life which came about when he accepted Christ. Boys like these, some of them, the second generation of Christians being trained in Christian schools are the hope of the church in China.

I said that is like living in the time of Jesus. The primitive is still seen on every hand despite railroads, electric lights, and telegraph. There are four wheeled carts drawn by oxen and donkeys together, which have no fifth wheel on the front axle. They follow along in the ruts of the road until it is necessary for the carter to turn it about by hand. There are threshing floors with donkeys or oxen treading out the grain with stone rollers. These floors are simply hard smooth spaces of earth. The men toss the straw into the air with wooden pitchforks made from branches of trees conveniently shaped and the wind drives the chaff away. The women sit grinding at a mill, the flat stones crushing the grain. In the fields as the grain is harvested follow the gleaners, who seem to come from everywhere to catch up what is left. Sometimes the owners of the field literally have to fight in order to save their grain from these gleaners who do not stop with what might

rightfully belong to them. The big gate of the city closes each evening. When we are in the city for a meeting at night it has to be opened by the soldiers to let us pass out. They are always very careful who goes in or out and it is difficult to get a permit for this purpose. "Where thieves break through and steal" means something in a country parts of which are infested with robbers. Out in our country field they have been at work recently robbing and kidnapping people who are held for ransom. And yet, strange to say, one feels often more safe on the streets of the city of Kaifeng at night than he would in certain parts of big cities in the United States. "But climbeth up some other way" also has significance where there is a wall around every dwelling or public building. One still sees old officials carried through the streets by their chair bearers.

I have been to a heathen funeral, that of the grandfather of one of the boys in the school. It was a two day affair of feasting and ceremony. The grandfather had died several months before but was only then being buried. The place was an inn. I had to force myself in through the crowd as I followed a servant who had been sent to fetch me. On all sides were the paper images which were to be burned at the grave; horses, deer, paper money, paper houses and paper men and women servants. At the gate was the bier to be carried on the shoulders of twenty-four men, covered over with a brilliant red silk coverlet richly embroidered, waiting for the coffin. We were taken into a small room at the side where with four Chinese guests we were served an elaborate feast which we ate with chop-

sticks. All about the door as we dined was a crowd of interested spectators who wanted to see how foreigners acted at a feast. The servants shouted at the top of their voices to get a passage for entrance with the food. Once some priests passed the door playing on some curious musical instruments which sounded like bag-pipes without any tune. They went to get water from a nearby well to place before the coffin. It had something to do with the cleansing of the dead man's sins. Before the room where the coffin lay was set up a tablet to the dead man before which the guests prostrated themselves. We, of course, omitted that ceremony. There were two hundred invited guests, each one of whom is supposed to bring a present of some kind. Hired musicians are always at their drums or weird pipes, pounding or droning out weird sounds. When we entered the court where the tablet was, the mourners of the family dressed in white came out of the room where the coffin lay and looked with curiosity at us as we with curiosity looked at the strange array. A veil of white cloth hangs over the face of the women mourners who wail aloud as they go through the streets in carts to the grave.

There are some queer superstitions connected with death. One is that the soul does not leave the house until after the body is gone. This is rather a fearful thought. Danger is overcome by placing a pan of water in the doorway of the room where the body lay. A spirit cannot cross over water and so is confined in that room until a spirit doctor comes and determines that the spirit has departed the house. Wine is placed on the coffin and as it is usually gone the next day (by

evaporation of course) the spirit is supposed to have drunk it. All the water that one has used in bodily ablutions must be drunk in the spirit world. This not very pleasant prospect is ingeniously overcome in this manner. The earthenware bowl which is provided for this purpose is punctured by each son in order of birth as a filial act, and so the more sons a man has the better his chances that his bowl won't hold water when he goes to drink the aforementioned draughts. This bowl is broken on the coffin as it leaves the home, to become a spirit bowl in the other world but a spirit bowl that leaks. Of course, not all the people believe these superstitions.

It is peanut season here in this region. Along the streets in little shops or in open lots crowds of women and children are seated on the ground shelling them with their teeth; for all I know to be used as salted peanuts in the Five and Ten Cent Stores in America. They are shipped out of Kaifeng by the carload. The sandy soil roundabout suits the crop.

AN AMERICAN-CHINESE GIRL

We have already received a reply from Harrisburg to our cablegram containing the one word—Emmanuel. It comforts us greatly to know that the news was received promptly and correctly and that there is no long wait before you learn of the great happiness which now you share with us. How wonderful this day and generation is. Just think how long it took for news to travel from the first missionaries—what suspense there must have been. Over two years for a letter from Adoniram Judson. Now not only you but also our

friends have been notified and the little girl is not yet three days old.

We are happy that she is a little girl. We want to show the Chinese how we can welcome a girl baby. The Chinese servants have all congratulated us, and the Chinese women have been in to see the little red face hid in the blankets. The boys and girls in the two schools seemed also much interested.

I enclose a picture of the house where your first grandchild was born and a tiny lock of hair to show you that she is really and truly here. I shall write more later—it is rather hard to collect one's thoughts just now.

IX

CHRISTMAS IN CHINA

THE ENTRANCE OF THY WORD GIVETH LIGHT

Perhaps you remember that when I was in Peking I taught in the Y. M. C. A. night school in the West City branch. The head secretary there is Mr. Chang, a young man of twenty-seven years, a graduate of the Customs College with high honors, who gave up his chance for a high salaried position in the Customs to go into Christian work. He was baptized just two years ago.

He happened in on us Sunday. In our conversation he told me how he became interested in Christianity. He and a friend were studying English together in the Customs College. They heard one of the professors talking about making good resolutions at the beginning of the New Year in their studies. They thought that a good resolution as far as their study of English was concerned would be to read the Bible every day, for it could be secured in Chinese as well as English and so could be conveniently used. They began to read together. Mr. Chang said that he was not interested at first, but he wanted to keep his resolution so he continued the reading. Then Mr. Mott held his meetings in Peking and Mr. Chang signed up for one of the Bible classes which were formed at that time. He was

disappointed in the Bible class but it brought him into relations with some Christian men. After this he went to the Y. M. C. A. summer conference and became attracted to several foreign missionaries. But his father was opposed to the whole business. Some of the men got him to help in the work of the Y. M. C. A. and he pretty soon became indispensable though he put off joining the church. Finally they asked him to help in an evangelistic campaign. Mr. Chang laughed at the strangeness of the proceedings for he had not joined the church himself. But he did help and had a fine time. He kept saying, however, how can I try to help others if I do not act myself. And so he made his decision. His friend also became a Christian.

While here in Kaifeng he made a talk to some of the other schoolboys. To hear a fellow just out of heathenism two years, using his Bible, and talking so intelligently about the Christian life was thrilling. He said that he would never have become a Christian if he had not thought that it meant work. He spoke of the sins that stand in the way of Chinese becoming Christians and how in personal work they must be dealt with; of the objections which the Chinese presented, for example—"It's a foreign Religion"—"Confucianism is just as good"—"Christianity overthrows respect for ancestors"—"There is a political motive behind foreign missions". Mr. Chang replied to these objections; for instance—Confucius taught doctrine but Christ is the doctrine; Jesus cared for his own mother when he was in agony on the cross, and so on.

Mr. Chang told me that Mr. Yung Tau, the wealthy Pekingese whom I wrote of before, who has since be-

come a Christian, has given \$11,000 to purchase a lot for the Independent Congregational Church in Peking. This church is wholly Chinese in its leadership and its financial management.

The Mr. Chang in our school of whom I wrote on October 14 has been taking his turn leading the school chapel. He is reading through the New Testament in his private devotions and he speaks of what he has learned in his reading. Not long ago he was talking on verses in Corinthians and this week he had a verse in Galatians. It is always interesting to see a fresh mind which is alert approach the New Testament. His verse was—"Henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." He spoke of the Judaizers against whom the book was directed, and how they were trying to impose the mark of circumcision on the Gentile Christians. He said that instead of circumcision, Paul spoke of the marks of the Lord Jesus, and these were sufficient. He illustrated his point by speaking of the Seventh Day Adventists who are troubling the churches in these parts by proselyting among the Christians. They are like the Judaizers, seeking to add what is not the gospel, not the marks of the Lord Jesus. A Confucianist a year ago—to-day a defender of the faith.

I have been teaching the schoolboys some Christmas hymns. They enjoy singing very much. We are preparing a Christmas play—"No Room in the Inn." They asked me to teach them "My Jesus I Love Thee" in English. We are learning, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing". At one place there is a skip over a note, but the boys insist on singing it down the scale. One little

fellow, eleven or twelve years old, out of the forty or so, caught on and he only. He has a choir boy voice, high and clear. So I made him stand up beside me and said to the boys: "I shall sing the place incorrectly and he will sing it correctly." He did it just right. Then I reversed the performance, singing correctly myself and having him sing it incorrectly to illustrate just where the mistake was. He did exactly as he was told. Then I let some of the other boys sing with the little fellow observing whether they were right or not. When I left I told them that he could be their teacher on that point. And when I got back to the house I could hear his high piping voice singing the passage with the older boys trying to catch on.

There are a great many birds in this region. Wild geese wheel along over head every now and then in V formation. And the number of crows and magpies must exceed that of the people. In the evening droves of magpies coming home to nest darken the sky at times for over a mile. The crows delight to roost in the temple eaves. Sometimes the temple roofs are black with them.

PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS

To-day has been a very busy day. This morning after the sermon, the children recited Christmas verses and sang Christmas songs for the older people in church. They were as cute as the little tots in America who go through the same kind of a performance, and more interesting to me as I thought of the homes from which they come, and how differently they are being influenced from the multitudes around them.

The little chaps all puffed out in their wadded garments looked quite comical. There is no stove in the church and the cold wind sweeps in but the Chinese stand it fairly well in their padded clothes and fur jackets. Still I don't believe they enjoy being cold any more than we do. We foreigners have to wrap up in rugs and keep our overcoats and hats on and wear galoshes to endure the temperature. It's a great life. You can stand much more than you think possible in coddled America.

I have almost forgotten that the Chinese are of a different race. Teaching the Chinese boys and playing with them, mingling with the members of the church, I am hardly conscious of the difference of their features or their clothes. Many of the Chinese in this part of China have not the pronouncedly slanting eyes. In stature they measure up to the average American. I see faces every now and then which remind me of people at home. Those who do not work in the open fields are often as white skinned as many American brunettes. The clothes that seemed so strange at first now appear most natural. The distinction between a well-dressed and a poorly dressed person is as pronounced as in the West. There is true gracefulness and beauty in the costumes of the better clad. Mr. Wang, one of the school teachers is a handsome gentleman, who knows how to wear his clothes. His winter suit is a black satin jacket, a long garment under that which reaches to his shoe tops of olive green silk lined with white Astrakhan, a soft fur cap, and shoes lined with gray fur the edges showing above the shoe tops. I believe such clothes are really more artistic than ours

and certainly warmer in winter. The clothes of the women are as fine in their own way. They usually wear dark colored silks, green and brown and gray colors predominating. They do not wear hats. Over their heads they wear a small black bandeau and brush their black hair smoothly back to a knot in the neck in which is stuck pretty gold or silver or jade ornaments. If it were not for the bound feet that make them hobble, some of them would be very beautiful. Indeed, in communities like Peking where the young women have grown up without binding their feet, in the church services can be seen girls who are as beautiful with their rose tinted olive complexions as girls anywhere in the world.

It's Christmas eve in China and all's well with us.
Helen joins me in lots of love to you all.

A CHRISTMAS PROGRAM IN CHINA

We have moved into the city and this is the first letter I have written to you in the little home which is our first ever, in the midst of the city of Kaifeng. All around us are Chinese. There is an inn on the east and a residence of some official on the west. Our compound runs North and South from Drum Tower Street to Cattle Market Street.

I wrote about preparations for Christmas in a former letter. The boys gave their play at the church on Christmas night. Besides "No Room in the Inn" they gave a dramatized version of the Prodigal Son, the dialogue and costume all their own preparation. The scene where the boy had lost all and as a beggar had hired himself to feed swine was most moving. Chou

Shu De, the boy who has been teaching me Chinese, was the Prodigal, and he looked just like the beggars we see on the streets. It was a very cold night, cold in the church, yet he had on only the thinnest garments, with sacking tied about his shoulders, a beggar's bowl in his hand, and his whole body shivered and his voice quavered as he crept about the stage. When he spoke the words of Luke's gospel about his father, and what he would say when he returned it was a serious and dramatic moment. It brought tears to my eyes it was so realistic. The old father was dressed in long fur garments, and was out walking with his servant when the beggar came into sight. The old man's sight was failing and as he shaded his eyes he asked his servant who it was. The servant replied—"Oh, just a *yao fandi*" (a "want-food man"—their expressive term for a beggar). But the beggar came closer and the father asked if it wasn't his son. The servant said—"No; when your boy comes back from the far country he'll be rich, an official or a big merchant". Finally the son rushed up and fell before his father's feet who raised him up enfolding him in his arms. And all this that I have described took place on a little platform—hardly ten feet long with no scenery at all. Yet it could hardly have been more dramatic with a wealth of properties and a full setting. The Chinese are born actors. They rivet attention on themselves and so need little scenery to make powerful the effect.

You should have seen the crowd. Tickets were issued but we could hardly keep the people out even after the building was more than full. The large gate at the front of the compound had to be closed, but they

still tried to force their way in. We had to call in police assistance, and just as they came someone succeeded in breaking off a panel from the door and unlatching it. But the police were in time to hold back the rush.

The Kaifeng station had dinner together at the Sallees. There were thirteen of us at the table. And we finished up with raspberry ice-cream, served in a bowl of ice frozen out of pure water. The weather was cold enough to freeze the water when it was set outside in a vessel.

The church members gave us a reception when we moved in to the city. There were speeches of welcome to which I had to reply in Chinese. But it is easier to make a speech in Chinese than to carry on a conversation, because you can use the vocabulary that you have and are not embarrassed by replies which are not understandable. We are anxious to make friends with the Chinese, and want them to feel at home with us, want them to be sure that we respect them as highly as we do the people of our own race—and we do. We know that we cannot do much good unless we can secure their friendship in the real sense.

I am having Mr. Tung, the evangelist, come to the house on Sunday morning before the service, that we may pray together about the work. That will be the most difficult thing in the language—to pray, but we can get to know each other and he can be sure that I believe that we can do nothing without prayer. Later I hope that one or two others may meet with us for this purpose. They want me to make the talks at prayer meeting, and I shall try it a time or two to see whether it can be managed just yet. Then at Sunday School I

shall try to make a five minute talk at the close of the lesson. Mr. Tung is not well educated and the congregation lessens when he preaches continuously, though he is an earnest man, and so you see how soon one is drawn into the work.

THE POWER OF THE MOST HIGH NEEDED

The Chinese need men who are able to teach them how to pray more than any other one thing—the Chinese churches need the infilling of the Spirit of God above all else. You won't be here long before you will know that. And missionaries who have learned at Jesus' feet in this great matter are needed terribly. One such missionary will be worth ten of any other kind, no matter how many scholastic degrees may have been secured. One reason that I have firm confidence that where John Anderson settles out here, things spiritual as well as physical will happen, whether he ever becomes fluent in the language is because I believe John has learned what it means to pray. The pitiful equipment that we have in the city has not moved my heart nearly so much as the thought—will we be able to help the Chinese into a life of real prayer. If they learn to pray the equipment will be supplied, and the Chinese will help in supplying it. There will be money to build churches but there is no use building a shell for a corpse. There are churches not a few in China (and China is not solitary in this fact) which only grow because of the pastor, if they grow at all, but if Christianity is ever to be a vital thing among the people themselves, it will be because the Chinese lay Christians are a spiritual flame of fire! Perhaps we

missionaries have taught them to depend upon themselves and just as surely fail.

We must bring the best intellectual abilities, the widest knowledge and training into the missionary service of the present hour, but nothing appears so barren as these alone without the conscious presence of the living Christ. It is the Power not ourselves that accomplishes the work of the Kingdom. The presence and power of Jesus has been minimized of late in certain intellectual and theological circles, but we depend on our wisdom and we fail. Nowadays we no longer display a theological intolerance or superiority that condemns others to perdition because their definitions differ from ours, but it can not but be apparent that a difference there always is in the results achieved where men live in the presence of the living Lord, and where they profess that religious experience is after all largely a matter of subjective psychology. That difference is seen in the light of the eyes of the men themselves, and also in the hearts of the men they touch. To walk with some men makes our hearts burn within us, with others we are led farther and farther into dreary and desolate intellectual wastes. "By their fruits ye shall know them".

The Chinese *literati* are proud of their ethics. Talk to them of Christianity and they constantly say—"Ah! it is the same as Confucianism—*be a good man.*" If we have not the confidence to go behind our Christian ethics to our Christ, we can really do little for them. Christianity as an ethical system may be popularized in China through the praise that prominent Chinese are only too ready to accord the philanthropy of the mis-

sionary enterprise. It may become too popular, before it is understood. As mere critical culture it will fail in China as surely as the "Christianity" of Germany failed. God send us men, missionaries and Chinese Christians, who have been caught up into the third heaven and have seen things unlawful to utter. Then we shall see the Kingdom coming in power. We do well at a day far too late to see the social message of the gospel, but Christianity has not failed because men have not seen their fellows, half so much as because men have not seen God.

X

A NEW YEAR AND NEW PROBLEMS

THE CHINESE NEW YEAR

It is now just two or three days before the Chinese New Year, their great holiday. They celebrate here in Kaifeng with more of the ancient fervor than in more modern Peking. The shops will all be closed for five days or longer, and the cook has been laying in supplies to-day for two weeks. We are going to entertain the members of the church this week, one day for the men and one for the women as we can't have them together. On Thursday the men who manage the finances of the church were in for a committee meeting, getting acquainted. They stayed a little over an hour, Helen serving them tea and cakes before they left. I told them that there was a wall between the newly arrived foreigner and the Chinese that had no gate in it, that had to be torn down brick by brick. I proposed that they help me get rid of that wall; I to work at tearing down bricks by learning how to talk to them and being willing to learn from them; they by not being too polite to tell me my mistakes and helping me to learn Chinese ways of doing things. You can understand that I feel in a rather difficult position—made pastor of a Chinese church, not by their will, but by the will of foreigners. They call me "pastor" and I must

work to put real meaning into that term. I try to put myself in their place and imagine how it would feel in America to have a Chinese as my pastor, teaching me religion with a tongue that halted continually over the English words.

More about New Year. Everything was closed up tight. The shop fronts were all shut up with shutters, so that the streets were for the most part blank wooden walls. No work of any kind went on. Just before New Year is the debt paying time. All old accounts are supposed to be cleaned up. Because of this a great many things can be bought cheaply as debtors need ready cash. It is a great time for the buying of real estate. The pawn shops have a busy time of it, crowded with people who have clothes or jewelry or what not and want to get ready money to pay up old scores. It is the time of the year for the paying of social calls. The rounds are made and red calling cards are left at the homes of friends. Pai nien, it is called—paying the New Year's respects. The laws against gambling on the streets are in discard, and little knots of men are seen at intervals along the street throwing dice or playing other games of chance. New good-luck mottoes are pasted on the doors of shop and home. These are written usually on red paper—red being the color of fortune and happiness. On all sides are heard the popping of fire-crackers and the clanging of cymbals. The temple courts are crowded with holiday makers who find amusement in such places at the gambling devices, watching the magicians or theatricals, or listening to the professional story tellers. Worship also is specially in order at New Year. One of the chief religious cere-

monies is connected with the kitchen god. It is said that he goes up to heaven at this time to report on the behavior of each family during the year. A rooster is purchased for him to make the heavenly journey upon, a sugar paste is put upon his lips in order that he may report only what is favorable, and he is escorted out of the house with the noise of fire-crackers. This god is represented in the homes by a paper poster bearing his picture, and usually that of his wife also. This is attached to a wooden board which is hung in the kitchen. In the ceremony of escorting this individual to heaven, a picture of him on a horse is burned, and a fresh picture is pasted over the one which has graced the kitchen during the year. The picture costs about two cents a copy, quite cheap for a god.

During the New Year celebrations we usually have special evangelistic services which attract into the chapel the idle crowds. This year quite a number of the members gave their time in speaking and doing personal work. One of our members, one of the best of them, used to be an actor, which is a low caste profession in China. He was an opium smoker. He testified in one of the meetings telling of his conversion. What started him thinking was the way the Christians faced death in the Boxer massacres. He heard them declare to their murderers that they could kill their bodies but could not kill their souls.

FACING DIFFICULT PROBLEMS

The teacher of the school for girls on the compound was asked to resign some days ago by Miss Swann and it made him terribly angry. As I was going out to

tennis he crossed the path of Miss Swann who was also on her way out and demanded her presence at an interview which he was going to have with me. He literally chased her as she kept on her way, but I detained him and took him into our sitting room where for an hour and a half I listened to his grievances and taking up one after another tried to settle his mind about them. He is not a Christian man—his age is about forty-five. He thought we were trying to cheat him out of money, thought that the money Miss Swann got for teaching English went to her pocket while she refused to add to his salary, and so on. But he finally told me that he thought my explanations were just. However, he still wears a cloud on his face. I hope he doesn't feel any longer that there was no Christianity in our dealings with him; that was what he was saying as he came into the house—"Ah, this is some religion, this is some religion".

How many of our troubles are rooted in the money question. I have to pay the salaries of those who help us here; for example, \$7.00 monthly to the man in the book-store, \$11.00 to an evangelist, and so on. The scale of living has to be so simple to live on such salaries and you wish there was not such a disparity between your salary and theirs, yet it is impossible for us to live on such wages and difficult to raise theirs when the money comes from America. If it were not for money, ah me! The problems of self-support and independence of church government are all involved here, and they cause us a lot of thought. I used to hold a slight reservation in my mind when I heard talk of the necessity of reaching the leaders, the higher classes in

China. The reservation was due to the feeling that the emphasis on this idea might crowd out our insistence on the individual worth of every man, the highest and the lowest. But when you think of an independent church in China, you must remember that this means economic independence; people ground into the dust by physical poverty cannot support a church in any country. An independent church must also be intellectually independent and it cannot be so without men fitted for intellectual leadership by a thorough education, no less than in America. As long as we are sure of our perennial need to preach individual transformation by the power and work of Christ, we need not fear to say that our missionary task as far as we foreigners are concerned is largely an educational one: educational in church as well as in school. We shall doubtless always hold high our preaching services, but if we can organize Bible classes in small groups for the teaching of Christianity, and get in contact with young people in the school room every day instead of only once a week, it seems to me that missionary work will prosper most. We must train the Chinese to be preachers, and so we too must preach, but one sees more than ever that the work of evangelization must be accomplished by men whose tongues have always used the Chinese language, and whose expressions are the idioms of the East rather than the West. "China must be evangelized by the Chinese."

I have been talking at prayer meeting about how our church is to grow. Last Wednesday night as I was beginning, in walked Pastor Ding Li Mei, the great Chinese Christian, who is traveling for the Student

Volunteer Movement of China. We had him speak a few words and lead us in prayer concerning his coming for a series of meetings. He is to speak to the church members and students at different times during the four or five days, and we are expecting a great blessing from his service. He had written a letter about his coming which I heard read at a preparatory committee meeting which was apostolic in its language, and so strangely real that a thrill went over me as I listened to it. He asked us to read Romans 1:9ff. It took on new meaning for his visit with us is very much like the coming of the Apostle Paul to the heathen city of Rome. That Christ has produced one man like Ding Li Mei in China is enough for us all to have given our lives to this land.

THE CHINESE FESTIVAL—CHING MING

Yesterday we had our first real rain since Anne was born, five months ago. Think of that for dry weather. The rain yesterday was not very heavy and we need still more. The Christians say that God holds back the rain because of the people's sins.

Last week the city was filled with country people, most of them women, who had come to burn incense at the city temples on the Ching Ming festival. The origin of this festival is probably unknown to most of them for they now consider the day a holy-day for the worship of ancestors, burning incense at the graves and in the temples. Originally the festival was ordered by one of the emperors in honor of a faithful official. It came about in this way. There was war between rival states before the unification of the empire, and the de-

feated ruler was fleeing from the scene of battle. He had lost everything and was without food to sustain him. One of his loyal courtiers in devotion to his sovereign cut off some of the flesh of his own arm and had it prepared and sent to the emperor to stay his hunger. The emperor had inquired the source of the savory gift after he had partaken and was told the name of the official and what he had done. But strange to say after they reached home the official was forgotten in court and others were raised to prominence over his head. His friends urged him to petition the emperor reminding him of his services, but he refused absolutely, preferring to be ignored rather than to call attention to forgetfulness and ingratitude on the part of his ruler. Instead of petitioning the emperor he took his old mother on his back and set off for a wild place in the mountains to be away from the associations of men. This he did in spite of the persuasion of his friends who told him that he was going to sure death either by starvation or by wild beasts. When he had gone, his friends took the matter to the emperor—told him the story of the faithfulness of the man—and the emperor remembering the deed with shame at his failure to reward his loyalty, sent messengers immediately to seek him. In this mission they failed for he was hidden away in some inaccessible place which they could not discover. So the emperor thought to drive the man out of hiding in the great forest that he might reward him before men. He had fires built along one side of the forest, sure that as the fire swept on over that place, the old courtier would come out to escape destruction. The fire burnt the trees and the brush of the hill com-

pletely, but the old man never appeared. Soldiers, however, searching the burnt hillsides, came upon his charred corpse and the corpse of his mother. The Emperor was overwhelmed with remorse, and decreed a festival in his memory. This festival is the Ching Ming of the present day.

It was an interesting but pitiful sight to see the groups of country women, clad in rough blue clothes, a handkerchief of coarse cloth upon their heads, hobbling along on their poor bound feet with the help of a staff. The groups were different village "huei" or associations, and were led by men who carried flags with the name of the association. When we appeared on the street they were all eyes, nudging each other and pointing at us and talking together about the strange foreigners. We went up to the Lung Ting temple and saw them hobble up the long flights of stairs to bow before the idol at the summit. They come on foot sometimes as far as twenty or thirty miles, to throw a little cash in a basket before the Buddha, to burn sticks of incense before the squatting image. Their pilgrimage is used by our lady missionaries as an opportunity to invite them into the chapel to rest and drink tea and to tell them of Jesus who does not lay such heavy burdens upon women but who rests them from their weary loads.

EXTRA PASTORAL LABORS

Friday night one of the Chinese professors in the Higher Normal School of the Province who teaches English, came to call on me to ask me to speak at the commencement of the school. As the address was to be

in English I accepted and that evening and next morning collected my thoughts on the subject "The Teacher and China". When I arrived at the appointed time, officials and faculty were lined up to receive His Excellency, the Civil Governor of Honan. When he arrived with his retinue we marched to the assembly hall where the graduating class was assembled. They stood in military order in the center of the hall. There were no seats for them. They stood through the whole of the program. None of us sat down until the governor took the seat of honor at the front to the left of the room. The left side is always the honorable place. As the master of ceremonies made announcement, bows were made by various groups to the governor. He was a little fat man, with a gray mustache, about sixty-five years old. The principal of the school was the only man in the gathering who essayed to wear foreign clothes, and his adornment was limited as far as the foreign part was concerned to a derby hat, the crown of which was rather the worse for wear. He kept his hat on all the time except when he went to the platform to deliver a short address. I was interested to see how immobile the countenance of the governor was throughout the whole proceedings, even when complimentary remarks were addressed to him. You would have thought that he did not understand a word that was said; I know he didn't understand anything I said. It is an evidence of gentility to show no emotion whatever. The young men wore black uniforms which were ill-fitting, but they'll get there despite their clothes, I'll warrant. At the close of the assembly we were arranged for a photograph, the governor in the midst. As

I departed, despite my polite protestations, the principal and several members of the faculty escorted me to the front gate. This is a very necessary form but one must always protest against it as each succeeding gate is reached on the way to the street, insisting that the hosts go no further. But they go all the way despite the protests, declaring that after all they have entertained you but poorly.

XI

ON WITH THE WORK

A REST AT CHEFOO

Chefoo is on the North side of the Shantung peninsula. Its Chinese name is Yen Tai. Names that are on the map resembling Chinese are sometimes the mistaken attempts of first travelers to designate the places. There is a very pretty circular harbor with islands at the mouth. The mouth is big enough to drink in some pretty big waves and there was a rough time in the harbor last week when a big typhoon struck us. (Typhoon is taken from two Chinese words—da and feng—which mean big wind.) There was approximately \$80,000 worth of damage done to the breakwater and the bund. It almost swept away the latter. Surrounding the port are hills which are bare of trees except near their bases where there are fruit orchards. Years ago one of the first missionaries in this region, Dr. Nevius, imported foreign fruit trees and as a result Chefoo is now a famous fruit shipping port for all of North China. The east end of Chefoo is settled by foreigners. A large part of this population is English, but there are also Russians, Italians, Dutch, Germans, Japanese, French, and Americans. There are French, German, English and Japanese Post Offices. This is one of the chief ports for the shipping of lace and

pongee silk, and boats come and go every day, crossing to Dalney, Port Arthur, Korea and Japan, and going south to other Chinese ports and north to Tientsin.

The summer is over and the summer residents are scattering back to their homes and their work. We were saying the other day that it will be good to get back home again, meaning our home in Kaifeng. Can you believe that our Chinese dwelling in the heart of the Chinese city is taking on that character? It really has become a home to us, as really as one could be in the United States.

When we get back we are expecting to pitch into the work. Helen is as anxious as I am to be a real missionary; she will take hold of the women's work. It is proposed that this fall I take over the city work entirely, the preaching and the other duties. This week Dr. Zwemer of Arabia and Egypt has been giving us addresses on work among Mohammedans. He visited Kaifeng this summer and has strengthened a determination already forming in my heart to do my best for the Moslems that are around us. There are four or five mosques in close proximity to our chapel.

I am on the S.S. Shun Tien (Propitious Weather), going down the China coast to Shanghai. We have just rounded the outer promontory of the Shantung Peninsula and are sailing southward in sight of the rugged shore which sometimes rises high enough to be dignified by the name mountainous—the color of the hills, a pinkish brown. We left Chefoo last night with the moon shining gloriously. The yellow lights of the houses on shore and the blinking harbor lights in the buoys and the light house made up a very pretty pic-

ture. We came down to the wharf in rickshas, an extra ricksha carrying a big basket full of jars and cans of preserves and fruit which the cook had put up for us. It also carried my pugai, a bundle quite Chinese, in which the major portion of my clothes were wrapped up. It consists of a ru tau or mattress cover, made of heavy canvas, with two compartments in which are usually packed bedding for a journey. It is made so that it can be thrown over a donkey's back somewhat after the fashion of saddle-bags, and there is limit to what it will contain. When packed it is folded together and tied up with a rope, often covered with a big oil cloth. In China we carry more baggage than in America; there are so many men who are around to lift it on board for you at two cents a package, be that package a hand bag or a trunk.

The S.S. Shun Tien is very comfortable and finely appointed. There are perhaps thirty first cabin passengers, most of them English. The boat itself is English, run by Butterfield, Swire & Company, who have other interests in China beside transportation. Here we are on the coast of China in a boat not run by Chinese but by English officers of an English company. One could hardly imagine an American firm running a coast line out here. The English are everywhere. They surely are the greatest foreign traders in the world. The English firms are usually the biggest in the port cities. Nearly all of us do banking through the British-Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation which has branch offices in all the principal open ports. We passed Wei Hai Wei last night, the English controlled port in North China. Hongkong

is their Southern port. The English as you know are in charge of the Chinese Customs and of the Salt Gabelle. There are many Englishmen in the Chinese Post Office as Provincial Post Masters. I do not know if it be any sin that the English have so worked themselves in out here. American business men are just waking up to the possibilities of foreign trade and are beginning to send representatives into China to search out openings.

RECEIVING REINFORCEMENTS

There has been no opportunity for letter writing since McNeill and Wilda arrived until now. Helen had a pretty poor time getting back to Kaifeng. The floods of the summer had interrupted direct railroad communication and so they had to make a long detour. Those floods have increased since then. Parts of Tientsin are now twelve feet under water and from Paotingfu to Tientsin the country is like a great lake. The floods are the worst for fifty years. Fortunately for us at least, the break in the Yellow River was on the north side, and so we haven't been washed away. The Hankow-Peking Railroad line has been broken for about two months, with many bridges washed away. But what is others' loss is our gain, for McNeill and Wilda must lengthen their visit with us instead of pushing on to Peking.

I was in Shanghai just a day before they arrived. The steamer did not come up the river as ours did—the passengers were sent up on a large launch. Some friends and I were down at the wharf an hour before the boat came in. There was a great crowd straining

to get the first glimpse at the faces of the passengers as the launch finally steamed into sight. McNeill and Wilda were at the prow and soon I spied them. It was an exciting time. The place where they landed did not look much like China with hotels and office buildings several stories high, the fine automobiles and the street cars.

Suffice it to say that we finally reached Kaifeng where all our missionaries were at the train to meet us, with the schoolboys who fired off crackers in welcome. That night we had our first meal together in China—the two families—think of it! The wonder and the happiness of it increases day by day. You can imagine how we have longed for the day which now we have. That was Wednesday, September 12th, four days less than one month from the time they sailed from Vancouver.

On the first Sunday he was here, McNeill preached and I translated for him. That evening I preached, and since then it has been the plan for me to preach at the Sunday morning service, for Mr. Sallee to preach at night, and for me to speak at the prayer meeting on Wednesday.

We came back to find a lot of damage done by the rains. Several of the walls of the buildings had fallen in and the back wall of the compound was washed away except for its base. I have been superintending the masons in the necessary repairs. Most of the buildings are so old that it hurts me to put money into their repair, but we must have something to work in until we are able to build the church that we need. The paper windows of the chapel are all in shreds. I am having

the front gate painted to put a bit of freshness into our outlook, and am tearing down some of the buildings and levelling off the ground rather than spend money to build them up again. We simply must have new buildings at once. One dreads to think of going thru another winter, but I suppose all things come slowly. Ours is the finest opportunity with the finest location for the work in the city, but ours is the most dilapidated looking place on Drum Tower Street. The Chinese have built new shops near us during the summer which quite overshadow us, especially as one of the front buildings has a roof that has to be propped up from the outside to keep it from falling in.

I had a man in to see me to-day who lives about forty miles from Kaifeng who said that he would pay the salary of a Christian school teacher if we would send one to his town. He has been a regular attendant lately and seems to be a man of some means. I have given him some Christian books and a Bible to read. Sunday a good part of the audience were educated men, many of whom I had never seen before.

It was like Christmas when McNeill and Wilda began to open up their trunks for they had suits for both of us and for Anne, and music, and books, and pillows and beautiful comforts from you. What busy skillful hands you have, what beautiful things you can do!

IN THE MIDST OF THE WORK

These past few weeks have been very busy ones. We have had quite a bit of repairing done and the place looks much improved. I have to supervise the repairs, and I spend a good deal of my time haggling with the

head workmen who usually ask two or three times as much money as the job is worth. Time seems nothing to them and it is quite a game to beat their prices down to reasonable levels. But they really do not expect me to give them as much as they ask at first.

I have been trying to get the church organized for business. We had a business meeting about a month ago at which we discussed plans and organized committees and I have been greatly encouraged by the enthusiasm shown. I have also had several long conversations with inquirers. There is one man who has become very friendly. He is an official and has been in to talk with me three or four times. It is not very difficult to turn the conversation to religion. He is a regular attendant on Sunday mornings. Another young fellow, an employee in the Post Office, who has been unfailing in his regularity at the services came in with a relative of his who is a church member to see me the other night. He has a true, inquiring heart. He was influenced by a Chinese with whom he talked to make a more thorough inquiry and he says his heart has been touched, or "moved" as their expression is. I have also done a limited amount of calling.

On Sundays I have been preaching to full houses. You can hardly imagine my sensations as I stand before that crowd, who know practically nothing of the religion I am teaching. They are usually very attentive. I have been especially grateful at the regular attendance of a group of students. Last Sunday as I preached I felt a little embarrassed, because just before I began, someone mocked the amen said at the close of the prayer and caused a snicker. I thought it

was one of the students. But my young teacher who was with them told me after the service that they were greatly interested in the sermon, and one of them who previously refused to join a Bible class had that morning done so, and said he was going to come regularly. I preached on the first message of Jesus to the people of Galilee—Repent for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. I tried to show them why China was failing morally—China has no motive deep enough to live by, for her concern is with things at hand only and there is no realization of God. Sunday night I preached on John 20-29.—Can you believe in an unseen Jesus? We had a fine crowd. Wednesday night I tried to explain the boldness of Peter before the Sanhedrin: he was more conscious of an unseen and powerful Lord than he was of the men accusing him. The book of Acts becomes new indeed as I try to unfold it to my Chinese audience—there are so many contemporary illustrations possible. For instance, Peter was accused because he did a good deed to an impotent man. Just these last few weeks, Mr. Yung Tau, the rich man in Peking, who became a Christian last year, was thrown into jail by the jealous Confucianist who is the head of the police, because he had bought property formerly occupied by Buddhists for the purpose of establishing a school.

On Fridays I am conducting a Normal group in the Sunday school lesson. We have a good number out each night. Instead of teaching a Sunday school class myself I am putting that in their hands, helping them prepare by this Normal class. Helen is finding her hands very full also with the Women and the Girls' Day

School. But withal we find time for recreation. We have staked out four holes on a big parade ground to the south of the city and some of us have been playing a mild form of golf out there. Inside the city we have built tennis courts. There are some good tennis players in the community.

So you can get an idea of what we are doing. We have our ups and downs, but the ups come often enough to keep our spirits hopeful. One of the downs has recently come. We have a church member of doubtful quality who has been a teacher in one of our day schools. I have been feeling for some time that when his pay was cut off from the church his interest here would go. It is about so. His mother is now at the point of death, and they are burning paper to the gods in the family as is the heathen custom. So we sometimes gather in the tares with the wheat. The poverty of the majority of the people is really appalling and it is no wonder that food and raiment with difficulty become matters of secondary concern. This poverty is not irremediable, but natural resources have not been touched, large public works are not protected because of a dearth of public spirit and an inability to cooperate in any large way. Too often the head of a bank or of a newly organized stock company runs away with the money. The gospel is the only hope of a new day, for nothing short of a thorough regeneration of character will save the country. Missionaries have a big job on their hands.

The past week has been a mixture of all sorts of things. Last Saturday I refereed a football game at the Government Preparatory School. I left before the

game was over to attend the Union Prayer meeting at which all the missionaries of the community gather together. Sunday morning I preached on Jesus' standard of values from the parable of the rich fool. In speaking from Sunday to Sunday, I feel so often that the burden of our task is not simply to get the people to decide on what is right or wrong, but *de novo* to create the standards in their minds by which they can make such judgments. We speak to those who for the most part have no Christian background.

Monday night I was invited to a feast at a Chinese restaurant by Mr. Hsu. I have written of him as the man with whom I have had a good many conversations on Christianity. Personal work takes on a new complexion when dealing with such a man. He is not satisfied with what he has and is going hither and thither to find what will satisfy. The average Chinese, I should say, doesn't know whether he is a Buddhist, a Taoist or a Confucianist, or what. His religious ideas are amorphous, a mass of superstition in which there are elements from the various systems. They are not versed in their own religions, rather they follow the practices of the fathers before them without inquiring why. The scholarly class are usually Confucianists—and religious in so far as ancestor worship is concerned.

XII

GREATNESS OF THE TASK

FINDING STILL FURTHER PROBLEMS

This week a young fellow, the son and grandson of prominent officials, has been in to see me about joining the church. He has had four years in St. John's College in Shanghai and speaks very good English. His mother has opposed his becoming a Christian, though he has had that purpose for some time, because it would mean giving up ancestral worship, and the older people fear for their peace if they have no son to worship them after they are dead. But he has been talking to her constantly and recently she has given her consent to his being baptized. His uncle from Peking is now visiting them and is persuading his mother to withdraw her consent, on the ground that they will be separated in eternity if her son goes with the Christians.

Tuesday night we had our monthly business meeting which we organized the month before. This time we added two new committees, one on examination for church membership, and one on care of property. The members are evincing a real interest in the work of the church and I am trying to make it so that each has something to do in the church. They on their part manifest the strivings of the Chinese for the democratic control of the church, i. e., control by them, and I have

to be very tactful to lead this proper impulse in the right channels lest they run amuck in a liberty which they do not perfectly understand. I am going on the principle that we should trust them very rapidly with the affairs of the church and so train them in church membership, but that financial support must precede financial control; that is, they are to control that part of the finances which they contribute.

There are some of them who have a rather curious idea about us foreigners, that we are set to control as autocrats, and that they must work and scheme to get affairs out of our hands into theirs. The other night, the man who proposed the committee on church membership suggested that all foreigners and those who received salaries at the hands of the foreigners be left off the committee, but I steered them past that rock, for the time being at least. That particular gentleman is peculiarly anti-foreign missionary. He used to have a job in connection with the church and was turned off for incompetency, and since then he seems to be trying to get back at the missionaries. He doesn't know how much we desire the day when the Chinese here will be able to run things themselves, but he of all men is not capacitated. I think his spirit, however, does not characterize most of the members. I am undertaking to show them that I do not want to run things over them, or control them, and am trying to manifest an humble and friendly spirit. These things give you a hint of the kind of job a missionary has. The hardest thing in missionary life is this mutual misunderstanding, which grows out of the fact that you are not of the same race or the same tongue, no matter how free from

race prejudice you may be. It takes a good deal of patience but love must win out in the end. Our lives must be our chief message—I feel that more and more. We must give ourselves with our gospel.

A young fellow who works in an inn near us has been coming to the services this past month, and has shown a deep interest in the gospel. But his manager warned him the other day that he must not pay any attention to that teaching, nor read his Bible which he recently purchased. The other night after the other men had gone to sleep, he stayed up and read his testament. The innkeeper woke up and caught him at it and so he is now out of a job, and that is no small matter to one who just makes enough money to buy his food. This innkeeper, I understand, has it in for us because we bought the property which he formerly rented and so caused him to move out. He was taking his spite out on the young fellow.

How often I wish I could use English in the preaching services, instead of my limited Chinese. It would be so much easier to make things plain. But proficiency is a long patient trail. Not only the language makes preaching difficult; there is the background of ignorance of Christianity which we face. References to commonplaces with us, bring no sign of recognition on the faces of most of the audience. One feels the necessity to explain over and over again the simplest things. But on the other hand, there is here also the romance of preaching which Silvester Horne writes of. The chief thing is not the form of the language one uses, it is the meaning, and after that comes the question of whether you can hold attention or not, keep

the audience from going out while you are speaking. If you can hold their attention to the meaning of the message, think of the joy of facing an audience like Paul himself faced. Here before you are worshipers of idols; here are those who think the whole business of religion is pretty much of a farce, but who have never heard of the true religion; here are the idly curious, "spending their times in nothing else, but either to tell or hear something new"; here are women who know very little of any joy at all, whose tongues can bite with cursing, whose minds are bound like their feet, and yet whose hearts are the hearts of the mothers of the world. Are they much more different do you imagine, from the Corinthians to whom Paul said "Be ye perfected, be comforted, be of the same mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you". They are surely much like the Corinthians were before they received the gospel. And so too, they are sometimes like the Corinthians who received the gospel and afterwards called forth the fifth and sixth chapters of the First Letter. The New Testament is applicable throughout in the planting of a new church on non-Christian soil.

What is the great trouble with China? Some would say poverty, but there is untold wealth in China, much of it hid in official families. It is said that Yuan Shih Kai put \$30,000,000 in European banks when he saw that he would have to abdicate the throne. There are extremes of poverty because of hoarded wealth and undeveloped resources, caused largely by a lack of public spirit. Some would say ignorance, and there

are millions of illiterates, but in positions of public responsibility there are thousands who are heirs of Chinese civilization and culture which goes back thru the centuries and in addition are acquainted with the education of the West. The basic trouble is sin. And were it not for the promise of Jesus that the Holy Spirit would convict of sin, one would despair of arousing consciences which are used to evil as a matter of course, and consider such an attitude unchangeable because such has been the condition in the past. Mr. Yung Tau said to me after he had suffered imprisonment for buying Buddhist property to turn it into a school under Christian auspices—"My people have no sense of shame." It is no disgrace to have three or four wives. Rather is one open to ridicule from fellow officials if a raise in salary is not accompanied by the taking of a new wife. One man was surprised to learn from me that the President of the United States has only one wife. President Yuan had nine, I believe.

THE REAL MEASURE OF THE MISSIONARY'S TASK

Three letters from you in the past two days. And already my spirits have felt the uplift of your love and interest in us and your great and deep devotion to the cause we are in. Sometimes the load presses so hard on one's heart and mind, because we have to face not only the indifference and prejudice of the people here, but it looks as if it would be ages before the Christians at home really put their hearts into this work, and then—along comes a letter from Mother, telling of how she has been figuring on this and that plan for the awakening of interest, and that she is praying day in and day

out for us,—and up goes our courage, and we know that we shall get the victory some day.

It is hard, this work we are doing. But no real person wants an easy job. The longer we live out here, the more we marvel at the courage and fortitude of the early missionaries. Our lot must be ease indeed compared to what they had to stand. I fear I used to think that all China was hungering and thirsting for the gospel, but when every day that we go on to the streets we hear the children call after us "foreign devil", when it is a saying that Christianity is a devil religion because it is brought by foreign devils, when a tract given out at the chapel door is torn in two before the man who gave it, I begin to realize that the human heart is much the same the world around, and that though the gospel is the greatest gift ever given to man, there are many who think they do not want it. Of course, we remember that we are in a comparatively new field, and that means that there are few Christians who give back to you in a rebound the life that you are giving out to them. In the first stage of missionary work, one must be wary lest the person who is seeking to join the church is really after a job. There are "rice Christians" who come for a while and when they do not secure the job sought, they drop off and come no more, but that kind of person is not confined to China. And we must not judge too harshly these who are crushed by economic necessity, and who grab at any straw that comes along. When one goes to cities where the work is of long standing, the character and enthusiasm and intelligence of the Chinese Christians assures one that missions count. And think of the Boxer martyrs.

Men just out of heathendom are not apt to be perfect saints. As they come into the church they do not cast off entirely the shadows of the darkness out of which they come. One has to be reminded constantly that after all they are children and not full-grown in Christ. This is, of course, most true of the uneducated men and women. I fear we sometimes demand of them standards higher than those in the churches at home and then are downcast because they do not reach those standards immediately. Christians in America have been known to quarrel, or to fall into dishonest and questionable practices. Now all this means that it is slow, hard, and sometimes discouraging business, this being a missionary. It must of necessity be slower work than that of the early apostles and Paul. They were a part of the civilization they were evangelizing, and the energy of Paul's thoughts was not bound by an unfamiliar language. They knew the thought and social customs of Greece and Rome, while pioneering missionaries in China must learn these things through long study and contact. On the other hand, we have a much larger body of Christians behind us and the world is open as never before. Much of our work must be educational evangelism, the taking of plastic minds and molding them by constant instruction in the truth. A woman like Dr. Mary Stone is the product of much painstaking nurture on the part of missionaries, from childhood up. In America, it is easy to forget how much of the warp and woof of the life of the nation is Christian in origin. Here the fabric of life for the majority of the people is woven of superstition, idolatry and evil. This is not to say that individual Chinese are

worse than individual Americans who are not Christian. There are high moral ideals here and they are embodied at times in the lives of men here and there.

This is a brief sketch of what constitutes our task. How are we to meet our responsibilities? We must destroy prejudice, we must create respect, and then we must win to Christ, and that in itself is not the work of a few minutes. You cannot tell a man to believe in Christ, when he does not even know who he is. Christ himself did not call for the great confession until his disciples had been with him two years. There are still many Chinese who think that the missionaries are political emissaries. They have received the impression from some of the things they have heard that missionaries have come to overthrow their social organization, and take away from them that which they hold most dear. Our approach must be tactful, remembering the words of our Lord, "I am come not to destroy, but to fulfill." Mr. Robert E. Speer has recently remarked that perhaps we have made a mistake in our missionary work in not using those social and practical approaches to non-Christian peoples, which are most easily understood, as fully as we might in introducing Jesus Christ to them. We are planning to do our work in this great city along institutional lines: for example, night schools for uneducated, day schools and kindergarten for children, classes for women, free dispensary, reading rooms and book-store, educational lectures, and so on, the whole work creating an opportunity for evangelization and the production of the practical fruits of Christianity. Jesus attracted folks. He

healed them and helped them, and then chose his disciples from the crowd by laying down the spiritual requirements of his Kingdom.

CHINA REQUIRES TIME

Last week two men who live in Pochow which is about one hundred and fifty miles across the border of Honan into Anhuei, wheeled their respective daughters in barrows for six days thru the country to Kaifeng, to enter them in the Girls' School. The last day of travel was thru a fierce dust storm. They took one dollar's worth of books from the store here to sell on the way back to make money to pay for their food. The books were gospels and tracts, selling for a penny or two apiece. The men are members of the church in Pochow.

Recently a group of women went to the Governor's yamen and appealed on behalf of the poor who are in particular distress because of the advance in living costs and the unfavorable exchange on the dollar. As a result, the head of the Honan bank was put in jail for manipulating the cash reserve. Some say his house and effects were attached. In his home were discovered evidence that he had been smoking opium. It does not take long to go thru a fortune if that habit is fastened on an individual. With the prohibition of opium, that article is only secured at a premium. The silver dollar has been changing for as much as one hundred and eighty paper cents. That is, that much paper money must be given to equal one silver dollar. Day labor is all paid in paper money, and as this paper is not backed by real cash, the specie having been extracted by the

head of the bank, much distress has resulted, for there has been no advance in wages.

My friend, Mr. Yuan, left to-day to take up his post as Mandarin in the Chi Yuan district, north of the river. I went to the railroad station to see him off, an essential point of etiquette in this land. He has been most friendly. The other day he took me in a Peking cart to the match factory in the suburbs, to inspect the plant. This factory has a gold medal from the Panama Exposition. Mr. Yuan was acquainted there and after we had been thru the factory, we were invited to lunch with the superintendent. It was an opportunity to get acquainted with some men, and also to have conversation with Mr. Yuan going and coming. We talked about Jesus, and he asked how men in China could be persuaded to believe. He has told me that he is willing for God to come into his life, and that he hopes his heart will be moved. I presented him with a well-bound Bible and he has agreed to read it regularly.

This friendship with Mr. Yuan Chang came about in a singular way. He is the oldest son of Yuan Chang, who held the high office of Director-general of the Court of Sacrificial Worship, and a Vice-presidency of the Foreign office under the Empress Dowager, and who was executed by order of the Empress because he with three other men dared to change her edict in the Boxer days from "Destroy all the foreigners", to "Protect all the foreigners". One Wednesday night this last winter as I was talking to a group of people in our chapel, a man of unusual appearance came quietly in and took a seat near the middle of the room. He attracted my attention

because, although he was not old, he wore a beard, a kind of black fringe under his chin, with no mustache. He was well dressed and he was wearing dark colored glasses. When the service was about half over, he rose and went to the door. I supposed that he was leaving, as many do who wander idly in, listen a short while and then pass on. But no, he only closed the door against the cold air which sweeps through our little paper windowed chapel, and returned to his seat to hear me through. This made me the more determined to have a word with him at the close of the service, but as we dismissed I was detained at the front by a church member, and he passed out into the night. Others had remarked his appearance and singular action in closing the door, but none knew who he was or whence he had come.

You may imagine my pleasure when I saw him come into the chapel again on Sunday morning. He had been interested enough to want to hear the gospel again. This time I reached him before the crowd had scattered and asked him his "honorable name". He lingered for Sunday school and again appeared at the evening service. After that service I invited him into our home. For an hour or more we talked together. I showed him some verses in the sermon on the Mount —how Jesus said that he had not come to destroy but to fulfill, that what truth Confucius taught was not to be swept away by Christ, but to be fulfilled by him. The next Sunday he was at dinner with us, and after the meal we talked about a book which I had given him earlier, a book about the existence of God.

Thus our acquaintance began and continued. I

called on him at his hotel, the hotel right next door to us. He returned my call. He told me that his sister was a Christian and a teacher in a mission school, but that he had not paid any particular attention to the gospel. He had come in that first night attracted by the sound of the singing which came thru the wall from our chapel into the inn. He was in Kaifeng waiting appointment by the governor to some official vacancy.

Two or three days before he left to take up his office, he invited me to be one of a group of friends in a photograph. Most of them I had not seen before. He invited them all in my presence to come to our chapel, and I heard him remark to one of them: "What does Confucianism mean to our country now? Who knows what it teaches? No one goes around preaching it. But look at this Christian religion, how enthusiastically its followers seek to spread its influence." He also said: "Buddhism teaches that life is vanity. According to their proverb life is as unreal as the flowers reflected in a mirror, or the moon reflected in the water. Confucianism says that this life has meaning; that it is not finished until death." I remarked: "Jesus says that life also has meaning after death." "Ah! that means that Christianity goes a step further to perfection beyond Confucianism", was his reply.

A few years ago, such men as these would not have deigned to have anything to do with the heralds of the Christian religion. Think of what it will mean for China, when the leaders, the men of influence, and education are won for Jesus Christ.

Mr. Li, a pastor of the China Inland Mission, spoke

twice at our church recently. I was at dinner with him one day and we were discussing the progress of Christianity in the Orient. We spoke of the extraordinary progress of the gospel in Korea, and wondered why China did not seem to wake up that way. Was it the fault of our methods or what? He said that he had visited Korea and had been in nearly all the Chinese provinces. This was his observation—the Chinese do not change easily. It takes them a long time to come around to a new thing. But when they once do change, they are not thereafter easily shaken. He illustrated it by the hold that Buddhism, an imported religion, has on so many of the people. When they had once taken to that religion it struck in deep and they still cling to it tenaciously. It looks as if the Chinese when they do become Christian are going to exhibit qualities of patience and steadfastness in a way to make us wonder.

There are Chinese customs which appear ridiculous at first sight which on longer acquaintance exhibit reasonableness not immediately apparent to the hurrying Westerner. It is not safe to criticize things Chinese too quickly. In the end the laugh may be on us. Richard Washburn Child wrote articles in *Collier's* not long ago after a hurried trip through China in which he told just how to manage this dirty, slow country. The longer I stay here the more I become convinced that the Chinese are going to do things their own way, socially, politically, ecclesiastically. They will not be mere imitators. You perhaps have heard of the missionary who wanted as the epitaph of his tomb the words—Here Lies the Man Who Died Trying to Hustle the East.

We ran on a snag in our church business meeting a while ago, and the differences of opinion had about finished us. I called on Mr. Chao, one of our best educated members, and asked him what he thought I ought to do about it. He replied by calling my attention to the political situation in China. Look at the unseemly conduct of parliament. Yuan Shi Kai had dissolved it because it was so unruly and useless, then Li Yuan Hung had opened it again when he went to the presidency. And now the last president, Feng Kuo Chang has turned it out again. They do not know how to govern themselves as yet. The opinion of the country concerning the republic is divided. The Southern party thinks it possible to establish a republic like America here and now. The Northern party thinks that the country is not yet capable of governing itself and that full republican forms and institutions cannot be established until the people are educated up to them. Both favor a republic but their methods of attaining that goal are unlike. "Now," said Chao, "our church is like China in miniature, and I do not think that full democratic forms can be established until they understand more fully just what it means to be a citizen of the Kingdom!" As to my position, which was an extremely delicate one, between two fires as it were, he said: "When a ruler in China gets into a bad way, he usually appears before his officials and takes all the blame for the mismanagement of affairs on his own shoulders. I suggest that you take the entire blame for the failure of the business meeting upon yourself before the next meeting of the members." This kind of a procedure quite common in the government, I had

laughed at as being insincere and hypocritical, when I first noticed it in reports in the papers. But I could now understand its psychology, and with all sincerity I followed out his advice, confessing my faults before the meeting, telling them that instead of beginning on a business meeting to develop the activities of the church, I should have started with a prayer-meeting to prepare us for service. I had been told that a group of the members were prepared to make a disturbance that night, but they all filed out rather solemnly at the close of the service, and no one has come since to question whether my action was correct or not.

BUILDING THE HOME LIFE IN CHINA

To-day is Mother's Day, and though I think of you every day yet this day you have been specially in my thoughts. Particularly as I preached at the morning service to a full crowd of men and women. My thoughts in that sermon centered chiefly on my home, my Christian home—father, mother, brothers and sisters. The wonder of that home is accentuated in contrast with the homes around us here, very few of which are worthy of the name home in the best sense, for what is a home without Jesus in the midst.

I tried to tell them what a Christian home is. I mentioned some of the enemies of home life, concubinage, which is very common, inequality of men and women, early marriages, the slavery of the daughter-in-law to the mother-in-law, carelessness of parents about the moral well-being of their children, or of the example they set before them. I illustrated what ought to be true of a home by telling them of family prayers

in our home, and of discipline based on the Bible. Of course, I could not tell the whole story and at times was a bit confused as to just the right words to use, but I hope some higher vision was given them. If some of them could be transported in the spirit into an American Christian home, their first comment would probably be—Well, this is heaven!

We are going to try to have such a home in their midst, but the strongest testimony will be borne when Chinese Christians themselves manifest in their homes the true spirit of Christ. I tell them every now and then that I am trying to pass on to them some of the blessings that I have received through my home.

XIII

THE IMPACT OF CHRISTIANITY

CHINA'S POLITICAL PLIGHT

China is in a bad plight. The military establishment is sucking the blood out of the people. The soldiers would be useless in repelling a foreign invasion, and now are little more than brigands at heart, ready to loot their fellow countrymen at the slightest excuse. Foreign loans are constantly contracted, the largest part of which goes to pay the soldiers. Unless they are paid there is constant fear that they will break loose and plunder the country. I understand that it costs twelve million dollars a day to care for the military. The governors of the Northern provinces are military, not civil, and hold office by the power of their private armies, not by the suffrage of the people. The different governors are banded in a clique of the governors and the militarists of Japan, for much of the money which goes to pay the soldiers is borrowed from the government of Japan on mortgages placed on China's resources and railroads. Conditions are worse than under the Manchus, so many of the old citizens say.

Man's extremity is God's opportunity and undoubtedly, the willingness of many Chinese to listen to the gospel arises from their realization of their helpless condition as a nation. It is interesting to hear men of

the educated class who formerly were bitterly opposed to Christianity, say that the opposition of China to the gospel came from the unlettered, who did not know anything about the world. I have heard this remark made in all seriousness more than once, the inference being that the educated class has always known that Christianity was a good thing for China. Despair has settled upon the minds of many of the Chinese, but to those of us who hope in the Lord, there is the promise of a better day. Only Christ can save this land, because he alone can produce the character that is essential to progress and peace.

I have preached several times from Jeremiah, for he was addressing in his generation a situation very similar to that in China, a nation hardened in sin and shamelessness in whom the sentence of destruction was written. "Thou hadst a harlot's forehead, thou refusedst to be ashamed", says Jeremiah. Yung Tau, the Chinese Christian philanthropist who was thrown into jail in Peking this spring because of his activities against concubinage (the technical charge was that he had bought Buddhist property to turn into a school), told me on the train since his release, that the officials in Peking did not know shame. Thirty-thousand bandits are reported to be roaming over Shantung terrorizing the population. Kidnapping is common—even foreigners having suffered at the hands of these robbers. Country people have in some places abandoned their villages and fled to walled cities for protection. The recent elections were disgraceful—the sale of votes for large sums going on publicly. When a new set of officials ride into office, nepotism is unabashed.

Relatives bob up on every hand to take their sinecures in the glorious government of the land. An opium smoker who has spent all his living riotously, with whom I have had relations in an effort to save him from his evil habit, has recently gone to Peking to look for a job, because, forsooth, the new president is a relative.

In T. R. Glover's *Conflict of Religions in the Roman Empire*—there is a description of conditions in Rome remarkably like present conditions in China. For example: governmental decline and disintegration; feeble attempts to remedy unsuccessful; the decline connected largely with the removal of the old religious bases of morality, loss of faith and fear in the gods; the indifference of most of the educated to religion though they endeavored to resuscitate religious beliefs among the common people for the sake of governmental purposes (cf. recent attempt in China to make Confucianism the state religion); the common people held in the fetters of superstition, exercising their vague religious feelings in ways they could not explain except on the basis of custom—our forefathers did so. That is the picture of Rome when Christ came into the world, and it is almost identical with China in this year of our Lord. Christianity outthought and outlived the religions of Rome, and we believe will outthink and outlive the religions of China.

Paul's attitude toward Christ and the disciples before he was converted and the attitude of the Chinese *literati* are strikingly similar. Paul opposed Jesus because he appeared to be overthrowing the ancient doctrines, because he made himself greater than Moses, and because he made himself equal with God. The Confucianist

opposition is along the same line: Jesus is an outsider come to overthrow the doctrines of three milleniums, who is declared to be greater than Confucius and claims to be divine. Put Jesus on the same plane with Confucius and little is said against him. Indeed a portrait representing him is placed along with that of Confucius, Mencius, Mohammed and Buddha in the lecture hall of the model prison in Peking. It is common to hear speeches nowadays on ethics and virtue in which Christ is placed in the gallery of the sages, equal but not higher than the rest. But Christ among the philosophers makes no supreme demand on the conscience or will, his teaching can be accepted or rejected without consequence. The Empress Dowager in 1907 declared Confucius to rank with Heaven and Earth—this being her reply to the Western deification of Jesus. The divinity of Christ is as real a problem to the *literati* as it was to Paul. Paul (Saul) persecuted the disciples because in their popular movement he saw the overthrow of his religion and the established order, and as a patriot and religionist he felt his obligation to crush this movement in its incipiency. The scholars of China, especially a few years ago, recognized in the Christian movement the possibility of the overthrow of the old order whose perpetuation is their responsibility.

Why did Saul, the violent harrier of the early Christians, change to Paul the Apostle? First, because he was affected by the strange fortitude of the Christians under persecution. Second, because he discovered that he was not opposing a heretical doctrine as he supposed, but a divine person. Compare "I persecuted

this Way”—“Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?” (Way and doctrine are the same word in the Chinese version.) This change in Paul is typical of the changed attitude of many Chinese in this new day. They were astonished at the courage of the martyrs of the Boxer days, and they have discovered that Christianity is not so much a new foreign doctrine as the revelation through Christ of the possibility of a new personal relationship with God. And nothing less than this discovery can revolutionize the lives of Chinese who like the Greeks seek after wisdom and stumble at the Cross. Life in the Orient is a good theological tonic. Come out here with Unitarian philosophy, whose ethical culture is so much akin to the morals of Confucianism, and see how futile it is when it comes to grips with rotten sin. Only a divine Saviour has meaning in such a situation, and only a divine Saviour availed in the First Century where a similar situation was faced. Unitarianism can only live in a land where the influence and power of the Son of God have been felt thru generations. It is essentially parasitic in its life. Like the mistletoe, it would perish but for the oak.

LEARNING FROM GREAT CHRISTIANS

I left Peitaiho, the summer resort, on the 15th of August and was home for the services on Sunday. It was a delight to see the rich crops along the railroad, a full year following a very scant preceding year. The kao liang was luxurious. This is a Chinese grain not known in America, the stalks growing sometimes as tall as eighteen feet. The name means “tall grain”. The Chinese are most careful farmers and the fields were in

beautiful order. Thirty or forty miles away to the west of the railroad runs a line of mountains almost the whole length of the journey. To the west of these mountains lies the province of Shansi, the name meaning west of the mountains. What is lacking in the landscape are the trim homes and good roads and occasional modern cities, for the farmers are all grouped in villages surrounded by mud walls and the cities all have the marks of antiquity upon their gray brick embattlements. Still there is not a little natural beauty in the countryside, and the fresh observer finds much of interest in the looks of people and place. Most of the farmers work naked to the waist, and so their skin is tanned very dark by the hot summer sun. The fields are guarded at night by men who sleep in little mat shelters. In the kao liang fields these booths are raised on high poles so that the watchman may overlook the crop.

A week after returning from Peitaiho I went north of the Yellow River to Huei Hsien to attend the first student conference of Honan. We met in a park called Bai Chuan, or The Hundred Springs. It is in the midst of hills that rise into a tall range of mountains whose steep sides are blue in the distance. There are temples and pavilions scattered profusely about on the sides of the hills and around a great pool which is enclosed in heavy masonry. This pool is oblong, approximately three hundred by one hundred and seventy yards in dimension. Myriad springs bubble up in its sands and at the upper end the pure crystal water rushes out from under the edge of the hill in several sparkling streams. The water is crowded with small

fish and on the surface float graceful ducks. At the lower end is a two story tea pavilion, reached by a stone bridge. The walk to the bridge passes through a garden of flowers which were then in gorgeous bloom. Our daily meetings were held in the upper room of this pavilion, overlooking the beautiful water. Ancient fir trees, bent into abnormal shapes, surround the place. There is a large temple dedicated to the dragon-god, who is supposed to control the water sources and the rain. The door of the temple is guarded by two enormous figures with fierce faces and with eyes in their stomachs, and feet a foot broad. The student delegates slept and ate in this temple, and several times the vesper services were held in the courtyard under the shadow of the wide-sweeping eaves. The boys hung their clothes on the arms of attendant idols. Without doubt the fathers of many of them had bowed before just such images in worship. There were only two priests in the temple. The park itself is kept by an octogenarian whose fine head and sparse white beard reminded one of the portraits of the ancient sages.

The foreign leaders of the conference had their quarters in a small ancestral shrine off to the east of the pool. There were no images in this shrine, only a simple tablet on an altar, which served us as a shelf on which to place our eating utensils. There were too many mosquitoes about for comfort so several of us took our cots to the top of the hill overlooking the springs. Several nights we slept in a golden roofed octagonal pavilion, in which was a great stone tablet, inscribed with a memorial of an emperor. We ended by sleeping on the flat roof of a temple still higher

up. This was a kind of observatory with a fine outlook toward the mountains. Over our heads were the stars of a Chinese summer night. We rose each morning as the sun began to color the East. Three hundred stone steps led down to the pool from our resting place. Through the arches that stood over these steps the water of the pool appeared as a great mirror as we descended to break our fast. Off on the hills nearby shepherds kept their flocks. Great stone lions had guarded us while we slept.

All over the park there are stone tablets set up on which are inscriptions written by famous men. The Chinese are lovers of fine chirography, as might be expected when we see their difficult hieroglyphs. The inscriptions are first written by scholars on paper and then are stenciled on to the stones, and then cut by masons. There were men at work on new inscriptions while we were there. Pilgrims to this famous place take away rubbings of the inscriptions as mementoes. Former President Yuan Shi Kai was fond of this place and there are some new stones which contain some of his handwriting. Some of the oldest tablets have the characters of emperors, but these are indistinct with age. In a temple to Confucius which commemorates his visit here over two thousand years ago there is a drawing of the sage by a famous artist cut in stone. In halls on either side of this temple are seated figures of his disciples, done in clay. In the temple is one of the rare images of Confucius himself, the face colored a dark brown. The tradition is that the sage was quite homely.

But I have as yet told little of the Conference which

we held for a week at the Springs. There was only a small group of students, not quite sixty in all, as the delegations were limited to Christian students. There was the true conference flavor, fun and serious thought mixed in right proportions, and the testimonies of the boys on the last night showed that they had received much benefit. Most of the invited Chinese leaders failed to arrive owing to flood breaks in the railroad connections. But Col. Chao Yu Chin of Shansi who was scheduled for a talk on Monday came for the whole conference instead, having secured a two weeks' leave from the Governor to whom he is attached as an Aide-de-Camp. As it turned out we found in him just what was needed to make the conference a success. Instead of one speech he made three and led a Bible class besides.

One of the addresses was the story of how he had become a Christian. He held our attention for nearly three hours of laughter and tears as we listened to that remarkable recital. He became a Christian about seven years ago during his service against Mongolian bandits on the border. Up to that time he had resisted more or less vigorously all efforts to bring him to belief in Christ. As a little boy in a market place a missionary had given him a Bible, but his teacher had thrown it away in great anger when he discovered it in his desk. He used to go to the mission chapel when he was a student in military school to hear the singing of the hymns, but he never stayed when they began to preach. He even held a kind of spite against all Christians, which one day he was able to manifest against an old hospital worker by running into him

from behind on a bicycle. But up on the Mongolian frontier his wife fell desperately ill, and he had no where to turn but to a little mission chapel nearby. Like many of the people he connected medical treatment as being inevitably a part of the equipment of mission chapels. But there was only an old Chinese evangelist at the chapel who said he knew no medicine. "However," said the evangelist, "I know the Great Physician and can pray to Him for you if you will believe in Him and kneel with me." The prayer of faith did heal the sick. Col. Chao's wife recovered, and together they vowed to follow Christ. The vow was not fulfilled for some time. He grew cold toward the matter and his wife ridiculed the idea.

At a later date the troops he was commanding were surrounded and besieged by the Mongolians, and it was not long before they were in serious straits, with little or no food. As Col. Chao sat in his tent one day, a peasant wandered by and looked in. The guard, however, drove him away. Thinking it quite strange that a man should venture into such a place at such a time, Col. Chao came out and had the man recalled. "Why did you come around here?" queried the Colonel.

"I heard you were in distress and I have brought you a little present of food," replied the peasant.

"But are you not afraid while we are in such a dangerous position?"

"No," said the man, "the only thing I fear is sin. In my Father's hands I am as safe here as anywhere."

What a strange person, thought Col. Chao, to bring me, an utter stranger, a present of food, and what a strange reply to give to my questions. But in further

conversation he learned that the man was a Christian, and later he returned bringing his Bible with him, which he also presented to the officer. The experience was startling, and it recalled the former vow made in a time of trouble, and upon a successful deliverance some time after, Col. Chao resolved again to connect himself with the Christians.

The first chance he had he went to a mission chapel to worship. But the service disgusted him, for the room was very close and the only other worshipers were not officials like himself, but day laborers, whose unwashed bodies made the odors of the room most unpleasant. If he had to stand that kind of a thing, no more Christianity for him. Two weeks later in a thoughtful mood, it suddenly flashed upon him: Why should you hesitate to connect yourself with a group like that when a foreign missionary, who doubtless has as keen sensibilities, and who came from a land of culture and refinement, kept not himself back from ministering to those laborers? Should you do less with your own fellow-countrymen? It was the conviction of the Holy Spirit, so he said, and from that time he went forward to know and to do the will of the Lord.

Col. Chao's faith in prayer is very simple, his dependence on God quite childlike, his enthusiasm for the gospel most contagious. He says that he had in him the making of a very fierce, intractable haughty man. But the grace of Christ has certainly made him one of the most lovable fellows. Unlike most of the high officials, who are fat puffy faced gentlemen, whose high office relieves them of most duties except those concerned with calls, dinners, and so on, and who go

about with a train of servants, Col. Chao is of erect military bearing, active and independent, not above shining his own shoes and carrying his own baggage. He wears English cut clothes entirely and wears them well though he has never been abroad. And wherever he goes he proclaims the gospel; on the trains giving away tracts, in private conversation giving his testimony, and wherever opportunity offers speaking in church or assembly for his Master. Withal he is so genuinely wholesome and manly. It can be imagined what the effect of his personality was upon the delegates. And the effect upon us from America was perhaps even more powerful, for to us he was the incarnation of our vision for the future of China, when men of his ability shall in large numbers come under the influence of Christ.

You remember my writing of Mr. Yuan, the son of one of the great officials under the Empress Dowager. He has returned to Kaifeng after nine months service as Mandarin for Chi Yuan country. He has reported to me that he has leisure now to go further in the study of Christianity, and that he is desirous of putting in a good portion of the time in that study. He has begun to attend all of the services of the church and the two week-night Bible classes. The other night I invited him to eat with me as he had been calling, and as we began the meal, I offered thanks in Chinese, and unexpectedly he followed me by also offering up a short prayer.

Mr. Hu Ting Chang, who has recently come to Kaifeng to be religious work secretary for the Y. M. C.

A., has preached for us several times lately. It has been an inspiration to hear him expound the Scripture, always in some fresh, unexpected and entirely Chinese way. Here are some words I heard him speak about Christmas. In the thirteen or fourteen years that he had been a Christian, he had each year at Christmas time tried to think of some new lesson from the birth of Christ. This year he thought of what Christ had given up to come to earth and save men. Christ gave up two things which men value most highly, and which they reluctantly if ever sacrifice for the sake of others, namely, social position and time. It is comparatively easy to give up money, but to really give up one's social position (in the Chinese it is "the place where we stand with honor") is extremely difficult. Jesus relinquished his place in Glory to be born in a poor family to save men. Time is another thing men hardly give up for others. Too busy, is usually the reply. But Jesus, whose time was of most value, took time to be born a little babe, and to slowly grow into manhood, pushing the saw, wielding the axe, waiting patiently until his thirtieth year, all because he wanted to save men. Pretty good preaching for a man whose background is all non-Christian, who has only been a Christian since his maturity, don't you think?

We found some of our schoolgirls crying in the back yard because they were afraid to go home by the front gate. We went out to see what was the matter and found that the heads of five robber chiefs in small crates were laid out in front of the inn, next door to us. There was a big crowd gathered to look at them. It seems that the military official who

brought the heads to Kaifeng to prove his capture to the governor was staying in the inn and had left the heads out in front until time to make his call.

Mr. Chu, a lawyer, presented me with several scrolls on his visit to me, the second time we had been together in the course of a month or so. He told me that he had read the Christian literature which I had given him on his first call; and that he had discovered that the teachings of Jesus were in many places similar to the teachings of Confucius. But he had observed one difference and he wanted the explanation—"Why does Christianity seem to possess a power absent in all other religions? Is it because Christians believe sincerely in their doctrines, while the followers of other religions do not so heartily believe that which they profess?" I tried to show him that our faith was primarily in a Person, and not in a system of truth, and that the power came from this Person. When Mr. Chu originally visited me he said that he was uncertain about religious belief, and that it was his purpose to investigate thoroughly in the next two years the various religions and at the close of the investigation decide for the religion he would follow. I quoted to him the parable of the Pearl of Great Price and said that there were truths in all systems but that we believed that when men realized the value of Christ and his truth, they would sell all their other pearls and buy the one of supreme worth.

A CHINESE NICODEMUS OR HOBAB?

Mr. Yuan Chung Mo, the official who was in Chi Yuan County, is at present our most interested in-

quierer. He not only comes to all the services but often brings others with him. I invited him to come to my study three times a week to read the New Testament with me, this in addition to his attendance on the other Bible classes and he agreed and has been most regular in meeting the appointment. This private study affords opportunity for prayer and it has become our custom to kneel together at the close of the hour and for both of us to pray. At first he was hesitant and stumbled in his words, but he has developed steadily, and sometime ago after I had prayed he thanked God that his faith was increasing step by step.

He is what you would call a "lovely man," in the best sense of those words. That is, his gentility and courtesy and culture and the absence of every mark of pride, make his presence in any company a pleasure. Last night we were in our group Bible class in the little guest room at the front of the chapel, the little company including a copper-smith, a pewter-smith, a paperer, a gate keeper, a poverty stricken Manchu and some others, and Mr. Yuan who once lived among princes kneeled with them all around the table as we closed the hour with prayer. The first prayer I heard him offer in that group was this—"O God, I thank Thee that Jesus Christ is not a foreigner, but the Savior of the whole world—Amen." The feeling in that short prayer was as of great relief in this discovery, a discovery not made by many of the educated as yet, and therefore correspondingly a hindrance to their inquiry into Christianity.

We are reading Luke together, chapter by chapter.

In explaining the temptation of Jesus, I remarked that the temptation to fall down and worship Satan was the suggestion to gain fair ends by foul means. Mr. Yuan offered to suggest an example of such temptation to see if he understood my meaning. He gave the example of a man who wanted to be a good official but who followed the usual practice of bribery to get into office. Remember that Mr. Yuan happens to be out of office at present, and official positions in China are rarely secured except by bribery, and you will see that his reading is touching home.

But he is not the only learner in this study. He has already affected my preaching by certain suggestions from the Chinese standpoint. He was giving me his opinion on how to help the Chinese to understand the gospel. One thing he said was that it isn't well to group all the Chinese gods together and denounce them as false and evil. Some of the gods worshiped were once famous and worthy heroes and though not properly to be worshiped are yet worthy of respect and remembrance. For example, Kuan Di, the God of War, who was a hero of the Three Kingdoms period and laid down his life for his King. Another suggestion was that I should read more of the New Testament with the people and preach less. Following our Western habit we easily fall into the way of preaching from texts instead of taking whole passages to read and then explain. This habit, I suppose, comes about because the people in the churches at home are supposed to know the context and general background of the text without explanation. The courteous way in which Mr. Yuan made the suggestion was this: "Pas-

tor, I notice that you expend a lot of energy in explaining the lesson; you must get pretty tired. Why don't you let Jesus do some of the talking? Surely He is the Great Teacher and has something to say to us directly. You preach two sentences less each time, and let Jesus say two or three more." It may be worth something to those who preach and teach in America, where after all, so much of our preaching is the expression of personal opinion, rather than exposition of the New Testament.

GATHERING SOME OF THE FIRST FRUITS

I have just come from my first baptismal service. A group of nine men confessed their Lord in baptism, here at the Drum Tower Church. The first persons that I ever baptized were these nine Chinese men.

Two of them were soldiers, one in the local cavalry and one a non-commissioned officer, a kind of body-guard of another officer. The latter's conversion has moved us deeply. He has been a very wicked man on his own confession. He was an accomplice in the assassination of a candidate for governor of Honan in the second revolution, and has been with bands chasing bandits who used to cut out the hearts of the captured and eat them to gain courage. He says there is no evil that he has not done. When he first came to the chapel he introduced himself to me as an independent priest, his name Li, the unworthy. He said he did not think he was worthy to come into our chapel, that probably God did not want him because he was so "cheap." He said that he had knocked his head as many as fifty or sixty times a day before idols in

order to get peace for his conscience, but was still unhappy. I wish you could hear him pray now. His prayers are full of confession, thanksgiving, praise and intercession. Especially does he pour out his heart for his old father and mother in Shantung whom he has not seen in years. "O God, how can you receive me as a son when I have been so unfaithful to my own parents. Lord, pity them, for I have just come to know how great is their need. I did not even know before that they needed salvation." When the service was over to-day, I asked him if he would be faithful to the end, and he replied that he was not one to go only half the road and then quit.

Another is an old man, a teacher in our girls' school for the past year or so. His mind has been deeply impressed by the way Christians care for girls, educating them, lifting them up to equality with men. He returned to his old home some time ago for a visit and he said that he felt ashamed of himself before his wife for the way he had looked down on her in the past. The gospel gives a new conception of womanhood, one of the greatest contributions it can make out here.

An unusual member of the group baptized was a Korean, the nephew of the Emperor of Korea, who has just died. He was once an imperial official, but has lived in exile since his country lost its independence. He has been a believer for many years, but had never joined the church. Although of the Emperor's family (his mother was the Emperor's own sister) he is a very democratic man, and is taking his place in the life of the church along with others who have had none of his advantages.

And then there was Mr. Yuan, whose story I have been telling in several letters. It was the baptism of the son of a martyr whose death probably saved many a missionary in the Boxer days.

There were three younger men with another older man not mentioned above. One of them was a student at Tsing Hua College in Peking. He is hoping to go to America soon to study. He speaks English easily. One is the son of a judge in Shensi. He is just beyond twenty and has already persuaded his sisters to believe and his old mother has taken down her idols. The other young man who is a bit over thirty has had the joy of bringing his wife with him, whose tuberculous condition has been wonderfully helped by prayer and the skill of the Christian physician. When she first came to the chapel she could hardly walk, she was so weak. The latest report is that her lungs are clearing up.

Only four years in China, and already we are seeing signs of a great harvest. "Others have labored and we have entered into the labors."

THE END



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